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The Review of English Studies

VOL. III, NEW SERIES, NO. 9

JANUARY 1952

APPROACHES TO BEOWULF

By T. M. GANG

I

LITERARY Criticism begets Literary Criticism: and an article that starts as a critique of a paper called *Beowulf: The Monsters and the Critics*¹ looks suspiciously like the beginning of an infinite regress. But the object of my essay is not, primarily, to review Professor Tolkien's British Academy Lecture—it is somewhat late in the day for this—and if I devote much of my space to a discussion of his interpretation of the poem, it is in the hope that some light may be shed on what is legitimate and what is not in literary criticism of *Beowulf*.

An additional reason for approaching *Beowulf* by way of Professor Tolkien is the fact that there has been little discussion, in print, of his views; the reviews that his lecture received were favourable and distinguished, but few and uncritical except of detail.² Klaeber's (apparently the only one in a foreign language) is rather more non-committal than that by R. W. Chambers, whose enthusiasm for Professor Tolkien's interpretation is that of an eager convert.

In challenging this interpretation, I do not wish to reassert the views held by W. P. Ker, although these do not by any means deserve Professor Tolkien's strictures; but since Ker is the most distinguished and persuasive exponent of a very common approach to *Beowulf*, and since an understanding of his premisses may help us to know what the literary critic of *Beowulf* is about, I shall contrast his view with Professor Tolkien's.

¹ J. R. R. Tolkien, 'Beowulf: The Monsters and the Critics', *Proceedings of Brit. Acad.*, xxii (1936), 245.

² Klaeber in *Beiblatt z. Anglia*, xlviii (1937), 321, and R. W. Chambers in *M.L.R.*, xxxiii (1938), 272; a third review, by H. R. Patch, in *M.L.N.*, liv (1939), 217 f., is critical of a number of points, but not of the main thesis.

II

Ker's view, as expressed in *The Dark Ages, English Literature, Medieval and Epic and Romance*, is that *Beowulf* lacks the unity essential to epic, and that its subject—the killing of monsters—is unsatisfactory. The first charge he apparently considers the less serious; for while he writes

It is impossible, by any process of reduction and amplification, to get rid of the duality of *Beowulf*. . . . The adventure with the dragon is separate from the earlier adventures. It is only connected with them because the same person is involved in both.¹

he adds that the plan of *Beowulf* might easily have been more lax and diffuse than it is.

But the second charge is urged without reservation:

The principal actions in *Beowulf* are curiously trivial, taken by themselves. All round them are rumours of great heroic and tragic events, and the scene and the personages are heroic and magnificent. But the plot in itself has no very great poetical value . . . things essentially and in the abstract more important, like the tragedy of Froda and Ingeld, are thrust away into the corners of the poem.

In the killing of a monster like Grendel, or in the killing of a dragon, there is nothing particularly interesting; no complication to make a fit subject for epic. . . . The killing of dragons and other monsters is the regular occupation of the heroes of old wives' tales; and it is difficult to give individuality or epic dignity to common-places of this sort. . . . The plot of *Beowulf* is not more serious than that of a thousand easy-going romances of chivalry, and of fairy-tales beyond all number . . . the plot happens to be such that the characters are never made to undergo a tragic ordeal like that of so many of the other Teutonic stories.²

Ker certainly weakens his case in these pages by seeming to object to monster stories because they are common—which, after all, is not a fault in epic—but the context of his writing suggests that his objection is to commonplaceness rather than commonness. And the commonplaceness lies in the absence of what he calls 'tragic contradictions', 'tragic complication'.

What this means is obvious; that which Ker finds most significant in the common run of Germanic hero-stories is the element of personal tragedy: the particular predicaments of the heroes, not the general tragedy of the human race. The Lombard stories of Paul the Deacon, the heroic lays of the Elder Edda, and those happenings that are 'thrust away into the corners' of *Beowulf* are tragic, not because they represent a tragic view of life, but simply by virtue of the predicaments in which their heroes find themselves. There may be a conflict of loyalties: loyalty to kin or lover,

¹ W. P. Ker, *Epic and Romance* (London and New York, 1897), p. 184.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 189, 190, 192, 193.

loyalty to one's lord or one's oath. We find different versions of this in the Helgi and Gudrun poems, *Waltharius*, the Ingeld story, the Lombard tales of Alboin. Or the predicament may be a purely external one, where the hero is caught in a chain of events of which he may have been a secondary cause, but for which he is not ultimately to blame. Thus Sigurd acquires the curse that lies on Fafnir's gold; and, more directly, by his wooing of Brynhild for Gunnar, he creates the situation that with the help of malignant fate produces his downfall. What is important is that it is not mere bad luck, in the form of an accident or a superior opponent in battle, that does for him: it is a series of human actions motivated by human emotions that lead to his catastrophe. The fact that Brynhild is responsible for his death makes all the difference in the world. If all we knew of Sigurd was that, being stabbed in bed, he resisted to the last and cut his assailant in two, we should give him credit for Teutonic toughness, but should otherwise remain unmoved.

All this Professor Tolkien acknowledges in passing; but he passes, for it seems to him irrelevant. Whether it is irrelevant, and whether Ker's approach to the poem can be justified, are important questions, since they lead to general considerations of what premisses we may use in criticizing *Beowulf*; they must, however, remain until Professor Tolkien's interpretation has been discussed.

If we find *Beowulf* unsatisfactory, he argues, it is simply because we come to it with the wrong expectations, looking for the wrong things. It is not like the heroic lays, nor indeed is it like classical epic. The poet had certain aims, and in these he succeeded admirably. What these aims are is inferred from the poem.

It might be remarked in passing that since the poem is our only evidence as to the poet's intention, it is surely to argue in a circle if we then say that the poem fulfills the poet's intentions and is therefore a success. When we are dealing with works like *Andreas* we can refer to a tradition of writing of which we have sufficient knowledge to infer the effect the poet was hoping to produce; and it is largely in order to acquire similar knowledge that we attempt to compare *Beowulf* with other epics and lays. But if we claim absolute uniqueness for *Beowulf* we cannot very well criticize it by comparing effect produced with effect intended. (I doubt whether, even in cases where we can make this comparison, it is a useful method of criticism.)

A portion of Professor Tolkien's lecture is taken up with an inquiry into the reasons for other critics' inability to see what the poet is getting at, and that the main story is worthy of serious attention:

... one reason is that the shadow of research has lain upon criticism. The habit, for instance, of pondering a summarized plot of *Beowulf* denuded of all that gives it its particular force or individual life, has encouraged the notion that its story

is wild, or trivial, or typical even after treatment. . . . The comparison of skeleton 'plots' is simply not a critical process at all. . . .¹

Another reason is that 'the allusions have attracted curiosity (antiquarian rather than critical) . . .'¹ and that this has diverted attention from the poem as a whole. A third and more serious reason is that critics believe 'the heroic or tragic story on a strictly human plane is by nature superior' (sc. to that on the supernatural). 'Doom is held less literary than *ámapria*'.¹ Modern critics do not appreciate dragons.

What then is it that earlier critics have failed to realize? In their blind scrabbling among the detail they do not see that *Beowulf* transcends the heroic lays; it is 'something akin yet different: a measure and interpretation of them all'.² For although it must not be read as allegory, it is broadly symbolic; the dragon is '*draconitas*' rather than *draco*: 'a personification of malice, greed, destruction (the evil side of heroic life), and of the undiscriminating cruelty of fortune that distinguishes not good or bad (the evil aspect of all life)'.² The heroic spirit that informs the lays—'the exaltation of undefeated will', 'the paradox of defeat inevitable yet unacknowledged' that distinguishes the 'heroes caught in circumstances that conformed more or less to the varied but fundamentally simple recipe for an heroic situation' is seen operating in *Beowulf* untrammeled by particularity:

Something more significant than a standard hero, a man faced with a foe more evil than any human enemy of house or realm, is before us, and yet incarnate in time, walking in heroic history, and treading the named lands of the North.²

And since the struggle with the monsters represents the struggle of man against the chaotic and evil, and his inevitable overthrow in Time, there is no need for tragic complications:

Beowulf . . . has no enmeshed loyalties, no hapless love. *He is a man, and that for him and for many is sufficient tragedy.* It is not an irritating accident that the tone of the poem is so high and its theme so low. It is the theme in its deadly seriousness that begets the dignity of the tone.³

The monsters, then, are essential because fundamentally allied to the underlying theme of the poem. The key to this interpretation, Professor Tolkien suggests, is provided by the poet's references to Cain. Grendel is the adversary of God, and as such he and his kin are linked to the first killer. In heathen mythology the monsters had been the foes of the gods, winning at the final battle in which the earth is destroyed. In the Christian poem of *Beowulf* the same monsters become the foes of the One God and later still they merge into the medieval Devil. And the hopeless struggle

¹ Tolkien, op. cit., pp. 255-6.

² Ibid., p. 260.

Ibid., p. 259.

of the old gods against the monsters becomes, in *Beowulf*, the theme of man on earth, who must die with all his works.

As for the structure, this is totally justified by what has been shown as the true nature of the poem. It is not a tale told sequentially: it is essentially 'a balance, an opposition of ends and beginnings. In simplest terms, it is a contrasted description of two moments in a great life, rising and setting; an elaboration of the ancient and intensely moving contrast between youth and age, first achievement and final death. It is divided in consequence into two opposed portions, different in matter, manner and length.'¹

'There is no need to cavil at this proportion—in any case, for the purpose and production of the required effect it proves in practice to be right.'² As for the long recapitulation of the Grendel story on Beowulf's return, it is also completely justified by the requirements of the theme. For, as the two adventures happen in different countries, the contrast between them is not as obvious as if they happened in the same; to preserve which contrast the Danish incidents are retold in Geatland.

Professor Tolkien suggests a secondary division in the poem at l. 1887 (Beowulf's departure from Hroðgar). All the tragedy in the poem happens after this point. But, of course, without the first half we should miss much incidental illustration; we should miss the dark background of the court of Heorot, that loomed as large in glory and doom in ancient northern imagination as the court of Arthur: no vision of the past was complete without it.³

The structure of the poem is then compared to that of the OE. alliterative line—a balance of contrasted and unequal halves. And we are told that if we have to classify the poem we come nearest the truth in describing it as an elegy of 3,182 lines—'in a sense, all its first 3,136 lines are the prelude to the dirge'.⁴

This elaborate apology is open to criticism in a variety of directions, and on various grounds. In the first place, the unfortunate critics who have been so vigorously put in their place deserve a few words of defence. To suggest that W. P. Ker, for instance, was prevented by mere antiquarianism from arriving at a true estimate is obviously untrue. That he was guilty of pondering a summarized plot of *Beowulf* cannot, on the other hand, be denied. But the comparison of skeleton plots is quite respectable critical practice, in spite of Professor Tolkien: Ker does it by leave of Aristotle. For it is simply not true to say that all stories, great or small, are, in such nakedness, wild or trivial or typical. Those very stories that Ker wishes had been at the centre of the poem have come down to us as skeletons at best—a few scattered bones at worst, but as far as we can make them out they are impressive. However, the real usefulness of skeleton plots is that

¹ Ibid., p. 271.

² Ibid., p. 272.

³ Ibid., p. 273.

⁴ Ibid., p. 275.

they show us clearly whether a story has unity—that is, whether the beginning and end have some sort of causal connexion. And in *Beowulf* they have none. Even in a story involved in so many digressions and episodes as Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* there is a clear connexion between beginning and end: Mordred is the link.¹

In a poem as long as *Beowulf* we cannot altogether dispense with unity of plot and rely on a general unity of theme and the contrast between parts to satisfy us that it is one poem and not two that have somehow got stuck together. The analogy between the two-part structure of the poem and that of the OE. alliterative line is misleading, since there is nothing in rhythm (a pattern of stresses and lengths) that in any way corresponds to the connexion of thoughts or sequence of events that constitutes the matter of a poem.

But this is a minor issue, and perhaps Professor Tolkien did not mean the analogy to be taken too literally. My main contention is that the arguments by which Professor Tolkien shows that the poem may be symbolic are not cogent, and that the internal evidence is against this view, or at least against the particular symbolism that he discerns.

The internal evidence is something of which Professor Tolkien shows himself aware, for he himself points it out in a footnote,² but he does not explore its significance. The fact is that the dragon is altogether a different sort of creature from the Grendel-tribe. For he is nowhere called God's enemy, or a fiend, or joyless; in fact, no words of moral disapprobation are applied to him; his wrath is not aroused by any unreasonable jealousy of human happiness but by a very definite outrage. The difference in the epithets applied to him and Grendel is striking: for while the dragon is undoubtedly *lap*, a *peodscapa* and *uhtsceapa*, the earlier monster is *feond on helle*. *lap* is often glossed as 'loathsome', but 'hostile' is surely a more correct rendering (cf. l. 440). Now it makes good sense to talk of Grendel as symbolizing evil; and, were there no Grendel, we might well suppose that that was what the dragon signified. But it is hard to believe that the poet, having so clear an idea of supernatural evil and its opposition to God as we can infer from the Grendel story, should suddenly present us with a symbol for the same kind of evil that is nevertheless devoid of so many of the specific characteristics of an evil creature. Certainly we can call the dragon 'evil—but in a very different sense of the word; an impersonal, amoral sense: rather as we might think of a disease as an evil.

It is by juggling with this ambiguous word that Professor Tolkien first

¹ Whether Malory conceived his work as one or more books is irrelevant; the unity is in the story, not in the treatment.

² Tolkien's footnote 14. But on p. 276 he says: 'They are creatures, *feond mancynnes*, of a similar order and kindred significance.'

arrives at his solution of the symbolism. The dragon is a personification of malice, greed, and destruction (the evil side of heroic life) and of the undiscriminating cruelty of fortune (the evil side of all life). Again we have two distinct meanings of the word. Malice and greed are moral and personal Evil; the cruelty of fate is an evil—an impersonal unpleasantness. These two uses of the word are so distinct that to run them into one and apply them to the dragon gives that monster a most ambiguous significance. Nor is the distinction a hair-splitting one; if we had not seen 'evil' as the adjective describing the undiscriminating cruelty of fate we might hesitate to describe the dragon as a 'foe more evil than any human enemy of house or realm'. It is only in this very odd sense that the dragon is more evil than Grendel, and it is only by blurring the distinction that we can uphold the symbolism. If the poet had regarded the dragon as evil he would have probably have told us so quite clearly and repeatedly; and if he had seen in Beowulf's fight against him any reflection of the Twilight of the Gods, or a symbol of the fight between the powers of Good and Evil, he would probably not have been above dropping a hint. But we have nothing of the sort. Instead, we have a reference to an ancient curse¹ of which the dragon is as much a victim as is the hero; a curse of which, so it seems, Beowulf knows nothing. So that although the inevitability of death for all men is much commented on in this part of the poem, no stress is laid on the heroic paradox of defeat inevitable but unacknowledged, and there is no suggestion that the dragon is anything but a mere participant in a tragedy that started many ages before—before even the gold was buried.

The dragon-episode is in fact founded on a perfectly good tragic situation—a much better situation than either Professor Tolkien or W. P. Ker seem to allow. There is a curse on the gold. A dragon appropriates it, and all seems well; one day, a trespass is committed and the dragon is incensed: the curse comes into operation. Someone must stop him, and stopping him means becoming involved with the gold and the curse. Beowulf, as ruler of the Geats, has to stop the dragon, and so cannot avoid incurring the curse: the fact that he is ignorant of it lends tragic irony to the situation, or would do so if the poet regarded the matter in this light. But the poet is evidently not much interested in tragedy, for he does not stress those aspects of the story I have picked out. We cannot, at any rate, criticize him for choosing a story devoid of tragic possibilities; but though he stresses the inevitability of death after life, sorrow after joy, he seems uninterested in the mechanism of inexorable fate: which is one of the most obvious differences between his outlook and that of the poets of the Elder Edda, or even (as far as we can see) of the original heroic lays.

We have, so far, little evidence that the dragon-fight symbolizes the

¹ *Beowulf*, ed. Klaeber (London and New York, 1941), ll. 3051 seq.

tragedy of the human struggle against the forces of evil; and we may doubt whether 'For the universal significance which is given to the fortunes of the hero it is . . . necessary that his final foe should be, not some Swedish prince or treacherous friend, but a dragon, a thing made by the imagination for just such a purpose'.¹ This is by no means self-evident. There is no reason why a dragon should be regarded as much more universal in significance than a human foe. That Grendel, who is maddened by the sound of harps, should represent the outer darkness in all its active malevolence is plausible; but dragons were, after all, the natural guardians of treasures (as the Cotton Gnostic Poem, that repository of obvious truths, informs us); unpleasant though they were, they were not accomplices of hell. Nor, for that matter, were they 'things made by the imagination' for any purpose whatsoever; they were solid enough fact for the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. If there were any hint of a connexion between the dragon and Grendel, or the least suggestion that the former was connected with other unpleasant incursions from the fearsome world outside our little circle of light, we might concede it had universal significance. But there is no such hint: and Beowulf's death becomes an isolated, particular disaster, the ultimate consequence of a particular curse and a particular piece of bad luck.

In any case, is there any story or poem whatever in which the monstrous nature of his foes lends a hero universal significance? The Northern story that has had the greater power of survival and that proved capable of accumulating fresh significance even in the nineteenth century—the story of the Nibelungs—has a dragon-slaying hero. But the dragon is disposed of early in the proceedings, and we scarcely feel that the hero ought to be killed by a monster; nor, I think, has anyone found Fafnir to be more significant and universal than the human beings who (admittedly instruments of Fate) murder Sigurd. And yet Professor Tolkien insists that if we have Grendel we must have the dragon, and vice versa.²

If these criticisms are just, then Professor Tolkien's account of the structure of the poem loses some force, since it is based on the view that the two parts of the poem are basically akin, representing two aspects of the same struggle. It could, on the other hand, be argued that the poet must have realized that there was no real *connexion* between them, only a certain similarity, and that the long recapitulation of the poem is his not altogether successful means of linking the two. He was, after all, very expert at the use of the 'flashback'; it is one of his chief narrative devices. By introducing the Grendel story into the Geatish court he is doing for it much the same as he does for the tales of Finnesburgh and of Ingeld, that is, to turn it into a significant 'episode', and by associating it with his prophecy of disaster for Heorot he manages, to some extent, to subordinate

¹ Tolkien, op. cit., p. 275.

² Ibid., p. 276.

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it to the pessimistic atmosphere that (in this poem) is associated with Geatland. Yet in spite of this clever piece of suturing, the events of the first part of the poem do not influence those in the second; there is no cumulative effect. The poem may be a balance; it is certainly not a unity.

However, it is fairly well established that the Anglo-Saxon poets in general had little idea of form and structure as we understand it—it is still a matter for dispute whether *Christ* is one poem, or two, or even three; whether *Andreas* and the *Fates of the Apostles* are one or two; whether the *Seafarer* is all due to one poet; examples could be multiplied.² *Beowulf* certainly comes nearer to a tidy and satisfactory structure than many Anglo-Saxon poems.

It might further be said in favour of the poet that he anticipated the break between the stories quite a long way in advance: not only are we gradually prepared for the Heaþobeard episode, from the very first mention of Heorot; but the death of Hygelac, which is described in detail in Part 2 (the fullest account is that beginning at l. 2354) is first anticipated at the height of rejoicings at the Danish Court, when Wealhþeow gives Beowulf a precious neck-ring (l. 1202). As if to compensate for the essentially untragic story of the Grendels, tragedy is constantly being dragged in by allusion: the kind remarks of Wealhþeow to Hroðulf are no doubt highly charged with dramatic irony; and similarly the harping on Hroðgar's graciousness and goodness (with total silence about his warlike qualities) is perhaps meant to produce similar forebodings. The Grendel story is given importance by being set against a great and tragic background—a background that includes the fortunes of dynasties and nations. In a somewhat more direct way the dragon story is associated with the national destiny of the Geats. Indeed, the Geatish wars are given such prominence that they can scarcely be called 'background'. National catastrophe will follow personal disaster. All this is obvious, and is only mentioned here to show that, even if one does not accept Professor Tolkien's theories, there is more to *Beowulf* than W. P. Ker allows.

III

The fundamental difficulties that a literary critic encounters in dealing with *Beowulf* become apparent if we examine Ker's, and Professor Tolkien's, premisses. Ker's seem pretty simple: in effect he accepts the standards of the main European tradition, the standards that apply both to Classical and Renaissance and modern literature; and he accepts them as having permanent value. Another way of putting it (implying a different critical theory, but having similar results in practice) would be to say that he judges all literature from the impact it makes on him, a representative

Cf. K. Sisam, 'Cynewulf and his Poetry', *Proceedings of Brit. Acad.*, xviii (1932), 310, 312.

cultured man of the nineteenth or twentieth century; whether or not the human heart is unchanging, he behaves as though it were, and judges the literature of all ages as though it were contemporary. That is not to say that he ignores the historical background that might elucidate ancient literature; but he regards it as something secondary. Like Dr. Johnson, he is a non-historical critic; and, like Dr. Johnson, he produces criticism that is solid and valuable because it is founded on his own experience, not on second-hand knowledge of how other ages reacted to literature. So long as we are quite clear that we are speaking for the present, we are safe enough with this method; but Ker does not seem entirely clear on this point. His vagueness is well illustrated by a passage in the Introduction to *English Literature Medieval*:¹

As no one now thinks of despising Gothic architecture simply because it is not Greek, so the books of the Middle Ages may be read in a spirit of fairness by those who will take the trouble to understand their language; they may be appreciated for what they really are; their goodness or badness are not now determined merely by comparison with the work of other times in which the standards and ideals of excellence were not the same.

We are left wondering whether appreciating the books 'for what they really are' means appreciating them as their authors meant us to, or whether it means reading them with no critical preconceptions of any sort. But, of course, we cannot criticize unless we have some preconceptions. And if the goodness or badness of these books 'are not now determined merely by comparison with the work of other times in which the standards and ideals of excellence were not the same', why does Ker, as in *Epic and Romance*, repeatedly compare *Beowulf* with Homeric epic? Sometimes he seems to appeal to 'absolute' standards—as when he writes of the tragedy of Froda and Ingeld as 'essentially and in the abstract' more important than the monster-stories;² but how does he square a belief in absolute standards with the admission that standards and ideals of excellence vary from age to age?

Whatever Ker's confusion on this point may have been, there is one general drawback to the non-historical approach: we may have to admit that what we admire in an ancient poem may be something the poet never intended us to notice, while we may miss or discount as dull and trivial that which mattered most to the age that produced the work. In fact, this sort of criticism rules out the *understanding* of any literature based on conventions and views very different from ours, and at its worst can lead to gross misreading and misinterpretation.

Thus far I am with Professor Tolkien. But it is extremely difficult to

¹ W. P. Ker, *English Literature Medieval* (London and New York, 1912), pp. 12-13.
² *Epic and Romance*, p. 190.

see what exactly his critical position is. For while he tries to elucidate the background of the poem, he never exactly claims that the poet's original audience would have interpreted it as he does. He seems more concerned with constructing a meaning not incompatible with what we know of the intellectual background of the poem, but a meaning that makes sense and appeals to the twentieth century. If in order to convince us that *Beowulf* has value for us he has to conjure up for us something like the Anglo-Saxon world picture, he is nevertheless not a genuine historical critic, for the effect of the poem on the Anglo-Saxon audience is only a secondary consideration with him. His reconstruction of the Anglo-Saxon view of the world, leaning heavily as it does on the extremely doubtful evidence of Norse poetry (of a later date than *Beowulf* and suggestive of a very different outlook on life) can hardly be accepted as objective, unbiased, or altogether convincing. But if his criticism is neither completely historical nor completely unhistorical, it is difficult to see on what premisses it is based, or what sort of status we may accord his assertions and judgements.

A piece of purely historical criticism, Miss Whitelock's *The Audience of Beowulf*,¹ gives us a much clearer insight into the sort of status the monsters would have held. The references to the poems on Guthlac are particularly illuminating and suggestive. Perhaps it would not be excessively rash to suggest that *Beowulf*, so far from being a Christianized epic, is an attempt at a sort of secular Saints' Life: the sort of poem that would meet Alcuin's strictures on the heroic poetry without altogether sacrificing the heroic stories to instruction. One might go one stage farther in speculation and suggest that the poet fails to exploit the potentialities for tragic irony of the dragon story, while showing himself fully awake to similar possibilities in the subsidiary stories, because such irony is too closely associated with the old (and heathen, or at least un-Christian) lays, perhaps even with heathen religion and ways of thought, to be appropriate to the edifying main story. But, conversely, the heathen legends retain their literary appeal and the *Beowulf* poet, at any rate, could have given an answer to *Quid Hinieldus cum Christo?*—namely, that Ingeld served to embellish a great deal of sound doctrine and Christian morality.

However, these are mere conjectures; they could only be supported or demolished by a much fuller study of the Christian and non-Christian elements in the Anglo-Saxon poetry that survives, and an exhaustive research into the attitude of the Church of that time to literature. We might, however, do well, before we are too ready to form an opinion on the Anglo-Saxon audience and its tastes, to reflect that such literature as survives has undergone a process not merely of natural but ecclesiastical selection. That

¹ Dorothy Whitelock, *The Audience of Beowulf* (Oxford, 1951); pp. 75, 80-2, are particularly relevant.

is the great drawback to historical criticism as applied to *Beowulf* and indeed to Anglo-Saxon poetry in general. Unless we start with a pre-conceived idea, we may have an uneasy feeling that we cannot contact the minds behind the poetry. And herein lies the prime difficulty of any literary criticism of Anglo-Saxon poetry, and, incidentally, a good reason why such criticism should be as rare as it is.

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THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS IN THE FAERIE QUEENE, BOOK II

By J. HOLLOWAY

THREE is a curious anomaly about the 'twelve troupes' that, in *The Faerie Queene*, Book II, Canto XI, besiege the House of Alma. The Captain in charge of the attack (Maleger) divides his forces, we are told, into twelve; and

Seuen of the same against the Castle gate
In strong entrenchments he did closely place (II. xi. 6. 6-7)

—there is really nothing more about these first seven, although the remaining five are described in vivid and elaborate detail, and include owls, dogs, hounds, monkeys, kites, 'oystriges', pigs, snails, spiders, gryphons, and other monsters. The first seven are clearly the Seven Deadly Sins; but they are left incognito. This was not because Spenser found them dull or unimportant; the zest in every word of the account of them in Book I, Canto IV, makes it plain that they fascinated him. Nor need we suppose that he only hinted at them this time, because they had already appeared in Book I. The fact is that they have already appeared in Book II, and on such a scale that if they tend to escape observation, it is not because they are inconspicuous, but ubiquitous. If they are overlooked, it is in the way that what is everywhere is overlooked.

The Seven Deadly Sins, in fact, seem to provide a basic pattern for Book II as a whole, underlying its structure from Canto II onward. It is generally agreed that in this Canto the three sisters, Elissa, Medina, and Perissa, are an allegory of the golden mean of Temperance, and the twin vices of excess and defect. But in explaining how the rest of the book fills in that allegorical outline, some critics have been non-committal. E. A. Strathmann, for example, writes: 'The Knight succeeds in several hard adventures. . . . Guyon resists successfully a number of temptations.'¹ G. W. Kitchen, more explicitly, writes: 'Spenser tacitly divides the moral trials of the Knight into those of pleasure and those of pain; those of anger and spite, and those of idleness and license. The earlier Cantos deal with painful struggles against the passions of wrath and malignity, the latter ones with the passions of desire.'²

We can trace a more definite plan in the book than this, and avoid any

¹ Variorum Edition of the Works of Edmund Spenser (Baltimore, 1933), *The Faerie Queene, Book II*, pp. 467, 471.

² Ibid., p. 411.

kind of extempore or invented division, which especially if tacit would be alien to Spenser. And we can find a clue in Canto XVII of the *Purgatorio*, for here Dante discusses the system of the Seven Deadly Sins in a way that not only links them with the idea of lapsing from the virtue of Temperance, but also shows in some detail how they arise, at least in part, from conditions of defect or excess. Virgil, explaining to Dante the basic plan of Purgatory, begins with the commonplace doctrine that all created things are moved by love, as either a material or a psychological principle: therefore both virtue and vice issue from it. That love, as an attitude of the rational soul (*amore d'animo*), can lead to vice seems paradoxical; and is impossible, indeed, *so long as love operates with moderation*. But if moderation is abandoned it can do so in any of three ways: through being directed perversely; through being sluggish or defective in force; and through being of excessive force:

... puote errar per malo obietto
o per poco o per troppo di vigore.

Mentre ch'egli è ne' primi ben diretto
e ne' secondi sè stesso misura
esser non può cagion di mal diletto;
ma, quando al mal si torce, o con più cura,
o con men che non dee, corre nel bene,
contra il fattore adopra sua fattura.

(Purgatorio, xvii. 95-102)

The 'malo obietto', Dante adds, is always our neighbour's disadvantage ('il mal che s'ama è del prossimo', l. 113); and our love may become so directed in three ways, through Pride, Envy, or Wrath. Defective vigour is Sloth (Dante calls it 'accidia' in Canto XVIII, l. 132). The vices from inordinately violent love are not mentioned in Canto XVII, but they, like the others, reappear and are elaborated in their due place in the *Purgatorio*, and prove to be Avarice, Gluttony, and Lust.¹

Dante's remarks here about the relations between the Sins and the system they make up are of some interest, and seem somewhat distinctive. At all events what he says is, through its arrangement, something more than a paraphrase of Aquinas, even if all the latter's remarks are assembled together; and certainly the possibility of relating the Sins to an Aristotelian concept of departing from measure, and of their natural order depending to some degree on the lapses of defect and excess, is more emphatic in Dante. But the order itself is not distinctive in the slightest. On the contrary, it is

¹ Cf. Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I-II. 84. 4, where Aquinas lists those of the '7 Capital Vices' that come from the inordinate pursuit of a good: vainglory from inordinately pursuing the soul's good, honour and praise; gluttony and lust through pursuit of the body's good, and covetousness (not envy but avarice) through the inordinate pursuit of external goods.

perhaps the commonest order throughout medieval literature, and may be referred to the authority of St. Gregory,¹ who gives it dogmatically, and justifies it by an account of how, psychologically and physiologically, beginning with pride, each member of the series leads naturally to the next.

But Dante's order of the Sins appears also to be the exact order of Guyon's temptations and hard adventures; for these take him through the Seven Deadly Sins in their conventional sequence.² Characters may return after a first appearance that fits the basic pattern, but this itself is not difficult to trace, and except for the incident of the House of Alma, almost the whole of the Book after Canto II falls into its scheme. Moreover, and perhaps more significant, Spenser seems to have in mind that the first three sins are distinguished by false objects, and also—though in this there is really no surprise—that the fourth is distinguished by defective and the last three by excessive vigour. That this order can be traced must change our understanding of the Book as a whole, for it replaces an unorganized miscellany by a typically Spenserian pattern, and besides this it redistributes the emphasis everywhere, giving an added point to incidents that seemed to be digressions, and illuminating what is best called, perhaps, the dimension within which an incident has significance. How this is so will be most clearly seen by examining the Cantos in order.

Canto III records Guyon's encounter with Braggadocchio, who has always been seen to stand for Pride or Vainglory:

in his kestrell kind
A pleasing vaine of glory he did find. (iii. 4. 4-5)

He also fits Dante's account in loving his neighbour's disadvantage—or at least having no love for his good, for he is, 'One that to bountie never cast his mind' (iii. 4. 2). His pride, moreover, is based upon false objects: a horse he stole from Guyon, and worthless homage paid him by the craven miser Trompart. When Belpheobe appears it is to instruct him, by both precept and example, in true 'honour' that contrasts with his own sham honour, and that lies in toil, studious habits, and above all deeds of arms, not in 'pompe of proud estate' (iii. 40. 1).

If Canto III is about Vainglory, then by our hypothesis Canto IV should be about Envy. But that it is so is not by any means clear, and the arrival of Furor on the scene has persuaded some critics that it is about Wrath. Thus G. W. Kitchen wrote: 'the serious business of the Book

¹ 'Radix quippe cuncti superbia est, de qua, scriptura attestante, dicitur: Initium omnis peccati est superbia (Eccli. x. 15). Primae autem ejus soboles septem nimur principalia vitia, de hac virulenta radice proferuntur, scilicet inanis gloria, invidia, ira, tristitia, avaritia, ventris ingluvies, luxuria.' *Moralium Liber*, xxxi. 45.

² See for detailed references J. L. Lowes, 'Spenser and the *Mirour de l'omme*', P.M.L.A., xxix (1914), 393.

begins with the fourth Canto. There Guyon encounters and overcomes Fury and the hag Occasion; and we have in the episode of Phedon . . . the evils against which the Knight is now struggling—the evils of unbridled anger and revenge';¹ and Legouis, 'the struggle of Guyon against Furor and Occasion . . . that allegory, intended to show how Anger is born of Occasion'.² But although Spenser writes '*Occasion*, the root of all wrath and despight' (iv. 10. 9), it is rather unlikely that Furor represents fury or anger. Later in the Book, these qualities are personified clearly enough; what distinguishes Furor is something else, his 'franticke fit' (iv. 7. 3), his 'idle furie', his 'passion wood' (iv. 11. 7 and 8). He is not an angry man so much as a 'madman' (iv. 6. 4.; see also iv. 3. 5) and his condition is really one not of wrath but *frenzy*. It is worth quoting Cicero: 'hanc . . . insaniam, quae iuncta stultitia patet latius, a furore disiungimus . . .' and later, giving the Greek usage, he adds 'furorem autem esse rati sunt mentis ad omnia caecitatem'.³ He is taking trouble here to distinguish *furor* not from any state akin to wrath, but from *insania*. The word 'omnia', incidentally, provides a further clue: *furor* is a general aberration of mind, the frenzy that in the end comes whenever reason is overthrown, whatever the cause. Spenser links Furor as closely with Wrath (Canto V) as here with Envy. Furor, and also indeed Occasion,⁴ are not so much portraits of any specific temptation, or of men under any specific temptation, as personifications respectively of what temptation leads to, and what gives it a chance. They are, we might say, in another dimension from Braggadocchio or Pyrocles.

Certain figures in Canto IV do depict men or women under the temptation of Envy; but they come in Phedon's narrative: Philemon 'enuying my toward good' as Phedon says (iv. 22. 2), and perhaps also Pyrene the maidservant, tempted by Philemon to envy and usurp her mistress's finery. Phedon himself is not envious. But in him Envy has brought its train of other sins and bad passions; the climax of his tale is how through 'Wrath, gealosie, grieve, loue' (iv. 34. 9) he falls at last under the domination of Furor.

Atin, who appears at the end of this Canto, is a complex figure like Occasion. By name he represents Strife; but this is what he creates, in his other capacity as a fully developed emblem of anger. The shield he carries bears exactly the same device as that of Choler in Henry Peacham's

¹ Variorum Edition, *The Faerie Queene, Book II*, p. 411.

² Ibid., p. 225.

³ *Tusculanæ Disputationes*, III. v. 11.

⁴ *Occasion*, in Whitney's *A Choice of Emblemes* (1586), is an elegant young woman, with hair such as Spenser describes, but also winged feet, a razor, and a wheel. Whitney's *Envy* is a lame hag with a staff. Both of these figures were conventional. Spenser's *Occasion* owes something to both, but more clearly to the latter (see J. G. McManaway, Variorum Edition, *The Faerie Queene, Book II*, p. 227; but, following Kitchin, he identifies Spenser's *Occasion* as 'Occasion for Wrath').

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Minerva Britannia;¹ and, of course, it is the shield of Pyrocles who has sent Atin forward to seek Occasion. That Pyrocles himself (Canto V) is the angry man needs no gloss: he gallops across the plain on his blood-red horse that 'fomed ire' (v. 2. 8), his armour glitters as if he were surrounded by flames,

... he is all disposed to bloudy fight
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltie (iv. 43. 7-8)

as Atin says.² And just as Belphoebe corrects Braggadocchio by example, so Guyon corrects the 'hasty wroth' (v. 13. 8) of Pyrocles by 'tempring the passion with aduizement slow' (v. 13. 2). Spenser, incidentally, is showing both Envy and Anger directed towards false objects: Philemon's envy and spite is provoked by the happiness of his close friend, Pyrocles attacks Guyon for having bound Furor and Occasion, and even when defeated persists in begging (v. 17-18) for their liberty. Canto VI, stanzas 44 and 50, show the consequences of such misplaced zeal.

Sloth, the next of the Deadly Sins after Anger, is easily traced in Canto VI. Here the setting as a whole may resemble various incidents or details from the Italian Romance epics, but it is clear all the same that Spenser is relating it to the sin of Sloth, and thereby continuing his general scheme. Phaedria's boat (like Cambuscan's horse of brass) goes, merely by the turning of a pin, on the 'slouthfull wauie' (18. 7) of the 'Idle Lake' (10. 2); and although Cymocles, her chief victim, is shown all the *pleasures* that the Island of Mirth seems to contain, he obtains something rather different—an 'idle dreme', 'drowzie dreriment', 'slouthfull sleepe' (27. 2-5). This difference, unobtrusive as it is, has point, for it reappears when Phaedria entices Guyon himself:

... issewd forth on shore:
The ioyes whereof, and happie fruitfulness,
Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
And all though pleasant, yet she made much more:

(vi. 24. 2-5)

The contrast between immodest mirth and sloth is not fundamental. Even in St. Gregory, for example, where sloth is discussed as *tristitia*, one of its consequences is *vagatio mentis erga illicita*,³ which tends, perhaps, in the same direction as Phaedria, who spoilt her stories by irresponsible, irrelevant laughter.⁴

No time need be lost over the sin of Avarice, depicted in the Cave of Mammon (Canto VII), or that of Lust or *Luxuria*, in the Bower of Bliss

¹ See Rosemary Freeman, *English Emblem Books* (London, 1948), p. 74.

² Cf. v. 16. 3.

³ Op. cit., xxxi. 45 (§ 88).

⁴ vi. 6. 6-9.

(Canto XII). Gluttony is less conspicuous, but it is represented towards the end of Canto VII, where Guyon, led by Mammon, gets into the

gardin goodly garnished
with hearbs and fruits (vii. 51. 4-5)

finds the 'damned wights' in the river Cocytus, and sees Tantalus vainly struggling for drink from the stream or the fruit that grows on the bank. At first glance this passage may appear confusing, for the fruit is not really such as to tempt man to gluttony at all. It is partly 'direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom' (vii. 51. 8), bitter or narcotic or poisonous; and partly golden apples, more akin, one might think, to the temptation of avarice. But this is justified by literary precedent, and by Spenser's parallel treatment of Avarice, Lust, and perhaps also Sloth. First, the grim garden was the reality with which—though he described it falsely—Dis tempted Proserpine, and in which she ate one fruit that was her undoing; precisely what Mammon hopes Guyon will do. Second, the golden apples are not what they seem either; enticing not as wealth but as fruit, they may tempt the gluttonous, but will not satisfy them.¹ They are only a showy deception: if Guyon plucks them he will be 'rent in thousand peeces strayt' (vii. 64. 5). This is exactly the same as his fate if Mammon's wealth begins to tempt him; and Acrasia's apparent charms are equally deceptive, for their ultimate result is merely to transform men into beasts, rather as the Island of Mirth provided not real irresponsible gaiety, but coma. In other words, all the temptations are cheats; and Spenser, so far from being guilty of a confusion in showing the appeal of gluttony by bitter or poisonous or golden fruit, has found an ingenious method of both giving the poem a dramatic continuity at this point, and enriching it by three potent literary traditions: the underworld garden, the garden of Forbidden Fruit, and the Golden Apples.

Perhaps this passage, and Phedon's narrative in Canto IV, are those that most clearly acquire a new importance, if we recognize that the Seven Deadly Sins provide a structure on which all the staple material of Book II is based. But there is no doubt that from beginning to end Spenser's whole Legend of Temperance gains not only a fuller ethical amplitude, but also a greater poetical integration and form.

¹ Cf. *Purgatorio*, xxiv. 113-14, where the gluttonous are chastened through being tantalized by what will not give them the pleasures of gluttony:

E noi venimmo al grande arbore adesso
che tanti preghi e lagrime rifiuta.

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THE SECOND LETTERBOOK OF SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE

By SYBIL ROSENFELD

THE Harvard Library Theatre Collection has recently acquired the second and final Letterbook kept by Etherege when he was envoy in Ratisbon. By the kindness of Dr. Van Lennep, Curator of the Harvard Theatre Collection, and of Messrs. P. J. Dobell, who enabled me to examine the manuscript before it went to America, I am able to describe the contents of this newly discovered continuation of the Letterbook.¹

The manuscript covers the last ten months of Etherege's envoyship up to the time of his flight to Paris. It contains over 90 letters copied in full, extracts from and notes of many others, a bill for extraordinaries, an order for regulating them, a transcript of the Relation of the Feast, also included in Letterbook I, and other unimportant items. The whole of the written matter occupies 82 folio leaves of which 71 are taken up with letters. Forty-seven letters are addressed to the Earl of Middleton, and most of the originals of these are to be found among the Middleton papers in the British Museum, and have been dealt with in a previous article.² The last letter in the Middleton collection is dated 18/28 October 1688, but the last letter in Letterbook II was written on 9/19 January 1688/9. Thus Letterbook II is the only document which covers the last three months of Etherege's sojourn in Ratisbon. It is of these months that we now, for the first time, have details; previously our sole information from this crucial period was derived from two letters to Viscount Preston.³

Letterbook II opens with two letters dated 1/11 March 1687/8, which duplicate copies in Letterbook I, and then proceeds to the new material. In considering this I propose to deal first with the more personal and social letters, secondly with the political ones, and lastly with additional financial matter.

In a revealing letter to Corbet dated 3 May 1688, Etherege compares the pleasures of politics with the obsessions of gaming, and for once has a good word to say for the former:⁴

I am apt to believe Sir that my friends in London think the employment I am in, gives me more time to be idle than it really does . . . but business has its charms as

¹ Henceforward referred to as Letterbook II; Letterbook I is the British Museum volume as edited by me in 1928.

² *R.E.S.*, x (1934), 177-89.

³ Extracts printed in my edition of Letterbook I, p. 432.

⁴ Punctuation and capitalization have been modified for the sake of clarity.

well as other things, as you will easly imagine when I own they have been able to engage me a little . . . it is a great pleasure not to be deceiv'd by the wrong reasoning of fools; nor to have the Doctor put upon by one of the Swans in Politicks. But to talk of a profession w^{ch} is much more Laborious & w^{ch} I thought not long since much more pleasant, I mean that of a Gamester, he is never well but when he is tugging at the oar, if he happens to be at liberty he runs where he may put on his Chaine again. I cannot deny but this man has less leisure than I have, he can scarce afford himself time to eat, is as watchfull as a Gen¹¹ when the enemy is so near that he expects every moment they will attack him, & is heavily angry nature stands in need of sleep to repair her fraylty. He often neglects his mistress too, tho' the love of her at that very instant makes up a great part of his Torment; he seldom can find in his heart to give an hour to his friends, now & then he avoids them, & sometimes, if they catch him & press him to go with them, tho' he hates a lye, in his nature he cannot forbear making a false excuse to get from them, being ashamed to own the Truth; when he happens to be among them, if it be after a loss, he is more thoughtfull & worse company than an ambitious Courtier who has miscarried in some dessein; neither Love nor envy can tear the minde with sharper passions than the variety of fortune plagues him with.

The writer speaks from bitter experience, as he says 'I am yet sensible of the pangs I have suffer'd'.

Etherege's more usual view of the ennui of political life is expressed in a nostalgic letter to Jephson on 14/24 May. In a previous communication¹ he had asked to be sent a copy of Shadwell's *Squire of Alsatia*; in this he criticizes his comic characters with acumen. He also adds a little to our knowledge of the actress, his liaison with whom caused so much scandal:

No man can love his Countrey better than I do, who knows the true value of England by comparing it with the other parts of the world, w^{ch} I have seen . . . it is a sad prospect a man has after fifty, no more Spring tydes of Love to be expected, yet I will endeavour to be as wise in this point as Anacreon was, and cherish the spark that remains now I can blaze no longer; how happy should I be cou'd I love y^e rustling of papers so well as I have done the rustling of Petticoats. . . . what a change it is for me who was restless in London, & still hurrying about to seeke some fresh adventure to sitt Ev'ry Day two or three hours, bound to the good behaviour in a chair. . . . this may reclame me and make me grave enough, by that time I return, to play a game at Backgammon with my Lord Dorset and S^r Charles Sydley,² but it will hardly make me fop enough to be of a politick club; I leave that to Spicer and Mr. Vandibendy. They are to be pittied y^t fall under Mr. Shadwell's lash. He lays on heavyly, his fools want mettle, & his witty men will scarce pass muster among the last recruits our General made for y^e Dog & Partridge.³ The Comedian I mention'd in my Last is married to

¹ Letterbook I, p. 336.

² Etherege wrote of them both as reformed characters, Letterbook I, p. 303.

³ A tavern in Fleet Street which was a meeting-place of the wits.

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the Lee¹ of that Troop who watches her narrowly, yet she has made a 'scape, & swears I render'd the first honour to Mr. Harlequin her husband.

Etherege reverts to his abandonment of gaming in a letter to Lord Dover on 31 May/10 June:

I need not tell you I have preferred my pleasure to my profit, and have followed what was likelier to ruin a fortune already made, than make one: play and women; of the two the Sex is my Strongest passion. I am wean'd from the very thought of play. But my minde dayly travells to a place where there was a famous Basset in Morin's time; there I have envy'd a sitter by more than the deepest player at the table, and tooke a picture wth I find suffers as little from time as the original.

He goes on to speak of the death of the poet Waller:

Poor Mr. Waller has left a place empty, but I am not yet duly qualify'd to succeed him, a few years more and there will be nothing to object against me, wherefore I pray use your interest² to get the Survivance of what the old Philosopher enjoys for me, it may fall seasonably, when I am recall'd.

On 16 August he wrote again to Jephson concerning his dislike of politics:

No wise man but esteems it a misfortune to have an employment, that engages him in the politicks. What miserable Fops are they then, who break their brains in drawing consequences from affairs they are not call'd to. The greatest curse on mankind is, that we are generally industrious, & ingenious to make ourselves unhappy.

Jephson had written about a new actress, and Etherege is immediately interested:

The handsome young thing newly come upon the stage makes me impatient to see the scene of my past Triumphs & my Love. Tho' there is such a deal of underwood grown up, an old oak seldom failes to strike the eye wth some respect. Nymphs have shelter'd themselves in that hollow Trunk your neighbour in Bowstreet.

The new actress must have been Mrs. Bracegirdle who had appeared in *The Squire of Alsatia* at Drury Lane a few months previously. Was Etherege alluding to his liaison with the other great actress of the time, Mrs. Barry, who had borne him a daughter? The last sentence suggests that he had at one time lived in Bow Street. He tells Jephson about the feast he had given to celebrate the birth of the Prince of Wales and how, during eight days, there were five to six hundred women constantly coming and going:

Some of my acquaintance wholey employ'd themselves in laying Springes for Maidenheads, and I believe there was as many gotten, and Cuckolds made as there were omes of Wine drunk wth could not be fewer than three score, but as

¹ Presumably Nathaniel Lee.

² Dover was Commissioner to the Treasury.

the Master of the feast always fares the worse by reason of the little leisure he has to eat I had the least share. Had all the Dog & Partridge men been here, and as great gluttons as I have known them, they might have had their bellyfulls of chérentiere.

The letter on the subject of the Ratisbon women printed, as to a friend, in *Familiar Letters*,¹ can be identified from Letterbook II as to Corbet and is dated 23 August 1688.

After this, personal letters cease, and the rest concern the political situation or the envoy's financial straits. By then Etherege was probably too worried by the rumours of William of Orange's intended invasion of England to have leisure or inclination to write to his more intimate correspondents.

Turning to the political letters, we find that Etherege makes shrewd comments on two publications of the time in a letter to D'Albeville, English envoy to Holland, on 19/29 March 1687/8. The first was Samuel Parker's *Reasons for Abrogating the Test*, of which he says:

I wish the Bishop of Oxford had made two Treaties of one; that he had only urg'd his 4 reasons for abolishing the Test, which are good ones in the first and had clear'd the point transubstantiation & Idolatry in the second by it self; in my weak opinion it wou'd have done better.

The second was *A Letter from Father Petre, Jesuit . . . written to the Reverend Father la Chese, Confessour to the most Christian King, touching the present Affairs of England*, which appeared both in Dutch and English, of which Etherege writes:

I must confess the sham letter from P. Peters to P. de la C. is very well writt, I am sure it was no Dutchman pen'd it: their ingenuity seldom goes higher than an Emblem & they make their best flights with a pencil. Burnet may have had a finger in the pye, he has witt & malice enough; I wish he & all the rest of his Majesties disloyall subjects had as little witt as they have honesty for the good of our Countrey.

On 2 June Etherege wrote to Lord Carlingford, English envoy in Vienna, about a pamphlet that was being sold in Holland arguing that James II had forfeited his right to the throne by his conversion to Catholicism. Burnet was supposed by some to be the author, but Etherege judges it was more likely 'a project of the desperate remains of Monmouth's party'. That time found him trying to counteract swarms of libels from Holland. At the birth of the Prince of Wales, he informed Wynne that all the ministers had sent congratulations save the Marquis of Baden, the

¹ Vol. ii, 1697, reprinted Letterbook I, p. 422. There are some slight differences: Mr. M. is Mr. Maule, and Letterbook II specifies the friend who also contents himself with 'a piece of household bread' as Whitaker.

Emperor's new principal commissioner, 'who like the Count de Windisgratz thinks it below him to be civil'. This was poor return for Etherege's courtesy in lending him his rooms and cellars for a month until his own apartments were ready; no wonder he exclaims 'how well bred the great men are in Dutchland'.

The envoy did all he could to warn his countrymen about the preparations being made by the Prince of Orange. On 12/22 September he wrote to Lord Carlingford:

Nobody doubts but the Prince of Orange has a designe agst England, so great an armament was never made by sea and Land in Holland since they were a State.

He gives details of the fleet and armament and adds:

I shou'd not say so much of the greatness of this power to another; but I think it necessary to write y^e truth of things to you, that you may y^e better take your measures in what concerns His Majestie's interest.

He sees that the French, by persecuting the Huguenots and provoking the Dutch by trade restrictions, were playing into William's hands:

he seems confident of finding a considerable party in our Country; shou'd he be deceiv'd in this, we have not much to fear, but shou'd he not we run great hazard, if we have no pow'rfull neighbour to assist us.

He wrote in the same strain about the preparations to Wynne, and said that he and all well-wishers to England were 'in some paine . . . not hearing what preparations are made towards the Entertaining of so worthy a Knight Errant'. On 1/11 October he complained to Sunderland that he had never had a line from England giving any opinion on the Dutch armament: 'while all honest men in these parts are unquiet and in pain for your safety, I find by y^e news paper I receive, you are in a perfect tranquillity'. He wrote again with the same note of urgency on 18/28 October: "Tis near 3 moneths since I have been perswaded of this design & have cry'd out sufficiently, I wish you had taken the allarm as soon in England.'

Besides his efforts to arouse his masters to the reality of their peril, Etherege attempted counter-propaganda in Ratisbon. He tried to get a prayer by the Prince of Orange printed, but was frustrated. The Count de Lamberg, Commissioner for Austria, he explained to Middleton on 29 October/8 November, had made difficulties:

I shall ever hereafter for his sake suspect the moralls of one, who is half a man of honour & half a churchman. . . methinks all the Princes of Europe sh'd be allarm'd to see this Senate of Cheesemongers arrogate to themselves the being Moderators of the actions of so great a King.

Etherege estimated¹ that all the ministers but four at Ratisbon were well-wishers to William of Orange; he suspected that the chief of the Emperor's ministers were privy to the Prince's design, and reported² that they were 'so poor spirited they avoid seeing me for fear of offending the Hollanders'. From his growing isolation he wrote to Sunderland:

At such a time as this a man is not to write for instructions but to hazard all to save his King & Countrey. I shd be glad of a word now & then to encourage me, but the want of that shall never coole the passion I have to perform my duty.

He had wrung from the magistrates a promise that they would not print the memorial of the English Protestants to the Prince of Orange nor anything for Valkenier, the Dutch minister, in which James II was mentioned before Etherege had seen it,³ but in spite of this, William's manifesto was later printed.⁴ To Carlingford he announced, on 7/17 November, that an envoy had arrived to solicit the Emperor for an alliance with the Prince of Orange against the French. Though it was given out that William's plan was not to dethrone James but only to oblige him to call a free Parliament, Etherege felt sure that his aim was 'to cut his Maj^{ts} throat, & conquer his Kingdoms; in order to this they have blackn'd the most just & righteous king that ever reign'd with all the infamous crimes imaginable'. He told Middleton⁵ that he had urged Carlingford, who did not much delight in business, to oppose the falsehoods in Vienna as he was endeavouring to do in Ratisbon. He related how on St. Leopold's Day 'the Imperiall Comission thought fit to neglect me & to invite Peter Valkenier to a high mass at St. Emeran's tho' he is without a Caracter as well as myself'. He solaced himself for the insult by calling the Dutch minister 'that impertinent noisie ffool' and giving his opinion that 'this Citizen of Amsterdam is fitter for the business of a shop than those of the state & so poor a spirited wretch, it wou'd be a dishonor to beat him'.

He complained to Wynne on 12/22 November of lack of news from England: 'I cou'd wish I were better instructed so that knowing the true state of affaires, I shou'd be better able to judge what were best to be done here.' What news he got came through Holland and 'never failes to have a smack of that stinking Channel'.

Preston succeeded Sunderland as Secretary of State, and Etherege informed him on 19/29 November that he was waging a vigorous prosecution of the King's cause against his enemies: 'tho' I have been but a little while in business and want the help of experience'. In a few lines on 8 December he gave a picture of his hopeless and helpless position: 'I go on my old way still visiting the Emperor's Ministers here, & represent to them what I

¹ To D'Albeville, 1/11 Nov.

⁴ Preston, 29 Nov./9 Dec.

² Middleton, 5/15 Nov.

³ Ibid.

⁵ 8/18 Nov.

think convenient without receiving the least return of Civility.' On 29 November/9 December he described how the new deputy from the Elector of Brandenburg had tried to hoodwink him into believing that William had no ill designs: 'I answer'd he must pardon me, if I had not complaisance enough to renounce the little coñon sense God has given me.' It was one of his few qualifications as an envoy that he was not easily fooled. Then he was accused of blaspheming against the Prince of Orange in the Diet. His last letter to Middleton is dated 3/13 December:

As things stand at present you will easily excuse me for not entertaining you with the impertinences of this place; you know I am a well-wisher to Laziness, yet I assure you, I have never been unactive, when his Majesties Service requir'd it, and I preferr the reputation of being an honest man to all the other advantages of this world.

His fervent loyalty made him fume against his uselessness. 'I am in a post', he wrote to Preston on 6/16 December, 'where in all likelihood there will be little to doe. This is a great affliction to me in a time whan all true men shou'd be active in his Ma^{ties} service . . . it is an ill mark for men to draw petitions on their King, when they shou'd draw their swords in defense of him.'¹ He longed for news and wrote to Tempest on 10/20 December: 'I am in the greatest paine imaginable till I receive some of the same date. I cannot think heaven will abandon the best of Kings.' At the same time he told Guy that he had spent £500 of his own money, which was all he could command, and his creditors were importunate: 'I intend to sollicite my recall; since now the war is broke out here I do not see how I can be any way serviceable to his Majesty in this post.' He asks for what is due to him from the Treasury to support himself until matters are settled. But events moved swiftly. James II fled to France, and Etherege's last letters to Carlingford show him preparing to leave. On 2/12 January 1688/9 he wrote:

I am sorry I re^{cd} Mr. Lane's letter no sooner that I might have sent you the Greyhounds you desir'd. Things going so ill in England I dispose of all I have here in order to go and find the Queen in France. I wish I may be serviceable to his Majesty in some other country. I find I cannot be so here any longer. . . . I intend to go from hence in a few days, but wherever I am you will learn I cannot follow the example of my perfidious Countreymen.

In a postscript he adds: 'I have sold my saddle horses to the Duke of Wirtemberg, and have given my dogs to the Prince of Hohenzoleren.' On 9/19 January he announced that he had received letters from Paris confirming James's safe arrival there:

the best news I cou'd expect in this unhappy conjuncture. The posts have been

¹ Cf. letter to Preston, 24 Dec./3 Jan., Letterbook I, p. 432.

for some time stopp'd in England so that I have not yet rec'd a Bill Of Exchange w^{ch} I order'd to be return'd me from thence. This has kept me here longer than I thought. Nevertheless I will find a way of disengaging myself, & intend very suddainly to be wth his Majesty, being resolv'd to live and dy in serving him faithfully.

He hopes for a restoration: 'it is certain the madness & rebellious spirit of our nation called him [William of Orange] in and maintains him in his usurpation, & when that is spent I hope our Countrymen will recover their right senses again.' This is his last word; he must have left shortly after, for he was in Paris by 20 February. Letterbook II ends with a list of 29 letters written from there between 20 February and 28 September 1689. Among his correspondents were the Abbé Fleming, Richards, Jephson, Robson, Wynne, Madame Merry, and Madame Etherege.

At the reverse end of the manuscript is a list of extraordinary expenses from 30 August 1685 to 20 May 1688, totalling £550.¹ Among the items are two which shed some light on the kind of work Etherege was called upon to do:

Relief of poor English, Scotch and Irish in passage to & from army during three campaigns.	£27. o. o.
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Pd. for Clarke brother of parson killed for giving notice of D. of Monmouth's landing, to keep him out of gaol being pursued by creditors from Vienna and to carry him into England 'y ^t he might no longer remain in this Country a shame to our nation'.	22. o. o.
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The extraordinaries had been allowed Etherege in May, but there was a long delay in sending the money, and as late as October he was urging Robson to solicit Guy and Dover for them. In December £200 was still owed to him and, in addition, his salary had not been paid for ten months.² He pointed out to Wynne that he was £350 out of pocket on the entertainments for the birth of the Prince of Wales. For a man of extravagant habits, who was wholly dependent on his pay and a pension,³ it was not an easy position. It is interesting to note that Etherege, though he is said to have married a rich widow, made a small provision for his wife out of his pension. In June 1688 he wrote to her promising to order a payment of £30 to Richards for her and £20 the following quarter.

Letterbook II shows us the same character as Letterbook I, a man of pleasure bored with the business of diplomacy, nostalgic for life and friends in London, and saddened by his fifty years. He has given up gaming but

¹ They include those in Letterbook I, pp. 365/7.

² The last payment of £273 for Nov. 1687/Feb. 1688 had been made in June. Letterbook I, p. 16, n. 3.

³ Letterbook I, p. 404.

not women, and he still holds his interest in actresses and the stage. But in one respect he is different. As the scene darkens, the time of stress brings out the best in him. He shows courage and perseverance in his isolation and we find him battling against odds to uphold the good name of his master. He could truthfully boast that he did not remain inactive when the King was in danger. Nor did he desert a post that had always been uncongenial to him, and a task that was quite thankless, until James II had himself fled his country. Indeed, his devoted loyalty to that undeserving monarch was almost fanatical. He did his best to stir the inert government in England to an awareness of the danger that threatened them; the negligible response that his efforts met with deeply distressed him, and there is real feeling in his despairing entreaties.

The final mystery of his life and death in Paris with the exiled James remains, lightened only by the fact that he was still alive there at the end of September, 1689.

DAVID GARRICK AND EVAN LLOYD

By CECIL PRICE

AMONG the many friends that Garrick delighted to honour was a young Welshman named Evan Lloyd. The letters that passed between them are interesting in themselves and in their allusions to some celebrated characters of the day.

Lloyd was a native of Bala, and he had become a curate at Rotherhithe in 1761. Some of his time had been spent in his parish but much of it was devoted to the pleasures of the town. He frequented the Crown and Anchor, the Union Coffee House near Temple Bar, and, above all, Drury Lane. He had a great capacity for hero-worship and found no one more worthy of his admiration than David Garrick. One night in November 1761 he attended that theatre when Queen Charlotte was present, and he gives us a vivid description of the great actor's power:¹

... M^r Garrick is ten times more entertaining (if possible) than he was when I saw him before. He has a most absolute power over the Queen's Person, and in some Charack[ters] makes her laugh so violently, that one would pity her royal Sides. For my own part, I can compare myself to nothing but a mere Machine Set to motion just as Garrick's Magic wills. Pity, Anger, Grief, Joy, and all the Soft tumults of love have in their turn so fired my Soul, that I could safely Swear the peace against Garrick's acting. . . .

Some nights later Lloyd saw Laurence Sterne in one of the boxes. Garrick had been one of the first to recognize the genius shown in the first volumes of *Tristram Shandy*; he had helped the novelist in his negotiations with the booksellers and had also given him the liberty of the Drury Lane boxes. Sterne made constant use of the privilege, and Evan Lloyd wrote of him:²

... Tristram Shandy has a d——n droll Phyz, & grins for an Hour together. He is very like the Print prefixt to his Sermons. He is every night almost at Drury lane Theatre & Garrick sometimes so stretches his Yorrick's Lanthorn Jaws by his drollery, that little Colman³ might Sit Snug in his mouth and see the Play.

Garrick liked to be thought the discoverer and patron of outstanding men of letters, and when Evan Lloyd himself won some notice with his poems *The Powers of the Pen* (1766), *The Curate* (1766), *The Methodist* (1767), and *Conversation* (1767), he, too, gained the actor's attention. A further reason

¹ Evan Lloyd to Mrs. Wynne, 1 December 1761 (National Library of Wales, Peniarth MS. 418 D, f. 71b).

² Evan Lloyd to Hugh Davies, 12 December 1761 (Peniarth MS. 418 D, f. 696).

³ George Colman the Elder (1732-94).

for Garrick's interest may be found in his dread of ridicule. Everyone knew of the lengths to which he had gone to propitiate Charles Churchill, and Lloyd was, according to one reviewer, 'one of those numerous maggots that have bred in the remains of Churchill'.¹ He had already referred bitingly to Samuel Johnson but had praised Garrick, by implication:²

When *Lear's Fall* makes *feeling Garrick weep,*
 You'll find these *mighty Critics fast asleep.*

This showed that the young man's sympathies turned in the right direction, and Garrick was eager to encourage him to go on as he had begun.

For his part, Lloyd seems to have felt a genuine and whole-hearted admiration for the actor. His delight at the way in which Garrick had received him is evident in a letter written to his brother, Robert Lloyd:³

London. 25 Feby 1768.

Dear Brother,

Delaying to give pleasure is y^e next thing to refusing to give it—this makes me seize y^e present moment, to tell you of a piece of news, which I think, will be agreeable to you. When I wrote last to you I was going to wait on *Mr Garrick* for the first time—I have now y^e satisfaction to tell you, that I met with a reception beyond my expectation polite and friendly. He enter'd into y^e most free & open-hearted Conversation—gave me his frank Opinion of my Poems—told me like a sincere friend, that I was frequently very careless, & at times blaz'd with uncommon Lustre & then (as he express'd it) slipp'd behind a Cloud—did me y^e Honour to conclude wth observing that if I took proper Care, he knew no one equal to me among the present Set of Writers—& reposing y^e utmost Confidence in me, told me many pieces of private History concerning the Stage—entertain'd me with wit & wine, (I know not which was best hardly) & to conclude the Whole honour'd me with a *Seal'd Ticket which admits me into any part of his Theatre all this year*—which is look'd upon as a distinguish'd Honour conferr'd on very few, & is in general consider'd as a Badge of Genius.—I know you'll give him one half-pint for his kindness to me—he was so obliging as to go round to his doorkeepers with me himself to tell y^m to note my person, that if I shou'd chance to forget my Ticket they might know my Person, & admit me wherever I chose to go....

In commenting on the uneven quality of Lloyd's satirical verse, Garrick showed judgement, but when he said there was no one to equal him if he took proper care, he was surely flattering him. The liberty of the boxes, too, was not always 'a badge of genius', for Garrick granted it to hacks like Paul Hiffernan. Yet this meeting proves that Garrick liked Lloyd and was soon on intimate terms with him.

¹ *Monthly Review*, xxxiv. 165.

² *Conversation* (London, 1767), p. 16.

³ Evan Lloyd to Robert Lloyd, 25 February 1768 (Cardiff Public Library MS. 3. 18, f. 21).

He asked Lloyd to come and breakfast with him on 25 March, and when Evan was unlucky enough to be imprisoned for libel, sent him 'a very polite and cordial letter' of sympathy. He would have visited him in the King's Bench prison had it not been for the fact that John Wilkes was also jailed there at that time:

... Mr Garrick, in his Letter to me, desires I wou'd present his Complim^{ts} to ye Champion of Liberty—but has *material Reasons* (w^{ch} Mr Wilkes is acquainted with) for not paying him a personal visit & if he came to me, the World might publish it as a visit to Wilkes—I shall know his reasons when I see Mr Garrick. I suppose it must be something in ye *Pen*[. . .] Gar[rick is?] as good a Libeller as any [was?] ever [Fe?]llow of this College. . .¹

The letter that Lloyd refers to is now in the manuscript collection of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and is an interesting example of Garrick's care not to offend anyone. Weymouth and the Government must not be affronted by a visit to the King's Bench prison; Lloyd and Wilkes must be placated with a note.

... I should immediately pay my respects to you & another Friend your Neighbour, were not there some brotherly considerations that keep Me from You—These he is acquainted with, & must think of Consequence; you shall know these the first time I have the pleasure of seeing You.

I sent your Trial of L^d B—to y^r friend M^r Mortimer, for which I thank you; if I have any Books or anything Else that will be of Service to You, pray command them; What dreadful Work is going on about You? I heard not a Word of it till my return from ye Country last Night—pray remember me kindly to the Champion of Liberty. . .²

Lloyd's friend was John Hamilton Mortimer, the historical painter, but Garrick's reference to 'your Trial of Ld B—' is more difficult to understand. The trial of Lord Baltimore at the Surrey Assizes of 26 March 1768 had caused considerable activity in Grub Street and had given occasion for at least five satirical pamphlets. Whether Lloyd had sent Garrick a copy of one of these works, or had written a poem on Baltimore or Bute, remains uncertain.

Garrick's concern for Lloyd's welfare and his offer of books show a warm regard. His friendliness is also said to have been expressed in the presentation to Lloyd of 'a drinking cup, beautifully carved out of the famous mulberry tree in the form of a head of Shakespeare'. One authority states that the actor visited Lloyd at his vicarage in Llanfair Dyffryn Clwyd; another states that the meeting took place at Bala.³ Neither opinion is

¹ Evan Lloyd to his father, 14 May 1768 (Cardiff Library MS. 3. 18, f. 35).

² H. W. Pedicord, 'Mr. and Mrs. Garrick: Some Unpublished Correspondence', *P.M.L.A.*, ix. (1945), 779–80. My text is from a Harvard photostat.

³ D.N.B.; E. Alfred Jones, 'Two Welsh Correspondents of John Wilkes', *Y Cymroddor*, xxix. 119 (London, 1919).

supported by date and source, and I doubt very much whether Garrick ever visited Lloyd in Wales.

The question as to whether he presented Lloyd with the cup is more difficult to answer. The only reference to it in Lloyd's correspondence occurs in a letter of 27 October 1768, when he told his father, 'Tomorrow is Mr Wilkes's Birthday, when I shall drink my old *Shakespear's Head* (a fine Cup that was given me) to his Health'.¹ Lloyd would hardly need to describe the cup if it had been presented to him at Bala. If it had been given him by Garrick, the reader is bound to wonder why Lloyd did not say so. Proofs of the great actor's friendship were worth boasting about, and Lloyd was not usually reticent about his intimacy with the famous.

What cannot be doubted is the cordial relationship that existed between Garrick and Lloyd. Further proof of it is to be found in a diary kept by one of Lloyd's Welsh friends, Thomas Jones of Pencerrig. On 16 July 1769 the diarist writes:

Evan Lloyd the Poet, Charles Hennings an old fellow Collegian, Parry, late a pupil of Reynolds, and myself hired a coach for the day, dined at the Toy at Hampton, and after Dinner Lloyd introduced us to Mr Garrick, at his elegant Villa there, who very politely shewed the house, attended us round the Walks and Shrubberies, and as a particular Compliment, conducted us to his Study, a detached Building in the Garden, which being, as he told us, dedicated to Retirement, had only one chair in it. A bottle of wine was ordered, and standing round his writing desk, the glass was circulated and enlivened with the flippant Conversation of these two Wits, until a Coach driving up, announced My Lord—Somebody—upon which we took our leave, and returning to the Toy to take the other Bottle—concluded the Evening together at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand.²

Evan Lloyd seems to have been at his best in such company, and his powers as a 'flippant wit' were considerable enough to impress both Wilkes and Garrick.

In September 1769 Lloyd met with new difficulties. William Price of Rhiwlas, Bala, sought further satisfaction for the libellous portrait of his character found in Lloyd's *The Methodist*. Evan had already spent a fortnight in the King's Bench prison because of this offence, but his enemy now sought to embarrass him by prosecuting him for non-residence in the living which Lloyd held at Llanfair Dyffryn Clwyd. A penalty of ten pounds for each month of absence was threatened, and Evan estimated that if he were convicted, the cost with lawyers' fees would come to seven hundred pounds. In desperation he wrote to Garrick, asking if he might be

¹ Evan Lloyd to his father, 27 October 1768 (Nat. Lib. of Wales MS. 12, 294, f. 23).

² From ff. 44–5 of the typescript copy of Jones's diary, now in the possession of Commander Evan-Thomas.

recommended to some nobleman who would grant him the nominal position of chaplain. If he could obtain such an office, he would be exempted from prosecution for pluralism. The actor immediately set about helping his friend. His reply (previously unpublished) is full of zest and cheerful optimism:¹

Dec^r y^e 4th 1769.

My dear Chaplain

For You are one—the *Silken Shield* is your own and you may now defy the Devil & his privy Councillor, your Neighbour.—Lord Verney,² the Great Friend of the Burks³ & a zealous Well Wisher of Mine has given you one. He is a Bill of Rights Lord which I suppose makes this favor tenfold—don't let y^r Success in this business be known, till I have got your Commission sign'd, and seal'd, & You may then take the Field in y^e face of your Scoundrel Enemy—pray send me Word how you distinguish your Name, from the ten thousand Lloyds who swarm in our Country. I say Our for You know I call myself a Welchman. I shall immediately set my Lawyer at work to get Every thing ready before I receive y^r next, & you may safely call y^rself Lord Verney's Chaplain by this day sen'night.

I have play'd several times, and Quite assure you (not in y^e Spirit of y^e Archbishop in Gilblas) but in y^e openness of Friendship, that I never play'd so well in all my Life—Lear will make His appearance, how soon I cannot tell—You shall see me in all my horrors after y^e Holidays—What say you to our Jubilee?⁴—y^e Story of it is this—...⁵ was brought to me to Hampton, that Colman intended to Exhibit our Pageant in a 3 Act Comedy of his call'd *Man and Wife*⁶—he did so, & has not got much credit by it—I set myself down to work, & in a day & a half produc'd our Jubilee—which has now had more Success than Anything I ever remember—it is crowded 15 minutes after y^e Doors are open'd & will be play'd tomorrow for y^e 39th time. I have really given such a true picture, I mean for resemblance of our Stratford Business, that you are in y^e midst of it at Drury Lane playhouse—I wrote y^e petite pi  e upon one Single Idea which struck me at y^e time, & which has fortunately struck y^e Audiences in y^e same Manner—it is this—I suppose an Irishman (excellently perform'd by Moody) to come from Dublin to see y^e Pageant—he is oblig'd to lye in a post-Chaise all Night—undergoes all kind of fatigue & inconvenience to see y^e Pageant, but unluckily goes to sleep as y^e Pageant passes by; & returns to Ireland without knowing Anything of y^e Matter—it occasions much laughter but as Bayes says, you'll know it bett...⁵ you see it.—I have got you y^r Ode & ...⁵ about it. Can I

¹ This letter is Cardiff Public Library MS. 3. 18, ff. 37-40.

² Ralph Verney, 2nd Earl Verney (1712?-91). Through his interest, Edmund Burke obtained his first seat in Parliament in December 1765.

³ Edmund Burke, his younger brother Richard, and kinsman William. For the relationship of Garrick with Burke and Verney see Dixon Wecter, 'David Garrick and the Burkes', *Philological Quarterly*, xviii. (1939), 368-9.

⁴ *The Jubilee*, a dramatic entertainment, written by Garrick and ridiculing his Stratford festivities of September. It was first performed on 14 October 1769 and ran for 92 nights. It has been printed by Dr. E. P. Stein in *Three Plays by David Garrick* (New York, 1926).

⁵ The manuscript is torn.

⁶ George Colman's *Man and Wife or the Shakespearean Jubilee*.

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send them for yr Entertai . . .¹ you return hither?—I will if you'll tell me how, or keep 'Em for you till you come.—did I not tell you the story of my Jubilee farce before . . .¹ I did & perhaps have forgotten myself.—You may now turn y^e Story of Gilblas upon me, & like him, give a Joy to y^e poor Archbishop.—I am going this Moment to speak my Ode to as full a house, as you could wish—I can't have time to read this over—Ever in haste but

truly your
D Garrick

Sheridan is y^e Blockhead has abused me and my ode . . .¹ y^e signature of Longinus—more triumph.

I have got a Cause this Day in y^e King's Bench against a Bill of Banker, one Lowry—are you sorry for . . .¹

This letter illustrates Garrick's rivalry with Colman and his own fear of mockery. Rather than let Colman laugh at his extravagant display in the Shakespearian Jubilee at Stratford, Garrick preferred to ridicule himself. If people wished to make fun of his ostentatious behaviour, he would lead them.

Evan Lloyd must have replied saying that since Verney was an Irish peer, his protection was useless. Garrick's astonishment is obvious in his next letter:²

My dear Sir

Dec^r 14th 1769

We are all a'ground—I did not know till this moment that Lord Verney's Scarf³ will be of no Service but in Ireland—you cannot imagine how it has vex'd me—tho I play'd last Night the Character of Lord Hastings⁴ & with tolerable [sic] Spirit, yet I have been very ill today, & have had a Small fit of the Stone, which has brought forth two little devils, that have much weaken'd me—in Spite of the aforesaid devils, I have set my brain again to work for You, & will procure a british Lord, if possible, for Love or Money—a Scotch Lord would do, but I would much rather have an English one—I shall beat about & have no doubt of starting some Game. I shall thank Lord Verney in Your Name—Suppose as you have little Else to do, You write me a Sprightly letter (Nobody can do it better) giving . . .¹ detail of y^r Situation . . .⁵ You know how better than I can tell you—all I desire is a short lively Narrative of y^e whole affair⁶ from beginning to End & I will produce it to y^e Lord I shall pitch upon to do our business, this will at once let him into a State of the Case, He will know (if he knows any thing) that You are a Clever fellow, which back'd by some little Zeal in the Cause from Me, may do y^e business let us try however—pray do this & inclose it in another to . . .¹ you would say anything . . .¹ should not be communicated. . . .¹

¹ Torn.

² Transcribed from a photostat kindly supplied me by the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, amongst whose manuscripts this letter is now to be found.

³ Chaplaincy. Compare *The Letters of William Shenstone* (ed. M. Williams), p. 8: "The chaplain's title is infinitely more agreeable than his office; and I hope the scarf which is expressive of it, will be no diminutive thing."

⁴ In Rowe's *Jane Shore*.

⁵ Three lines are crossed out.

⁶ The dispute between Lloyd and William Price of Rhiwlas.

I shall hope to hear from You as . . .¹ as You have Scribbled this. . . .¹
 I am in Some pain at pr . . .¹ but in y^e midst of it, I have Pleasure in the hope
 of succeeding in Your business—

I am, Dear Sir,
 yours most sincerely,
 D. Garrick

always in a bustle.

Mrs Garrick is vex'd at our Mistake & sends her Comp^{ts} & best wishes.

Poor Holland² has dy'd much lamented & is to be bury'd tomorrow—I am
 too bad to attend the dolefull Ceremony.

There the matter of the chaplaincy ends and we are left without any information as to whether William Price persisted in his efforts to prosecute Lloyd for non-residence. Garrick certainly wrote to Evan in March 1770, but all that survives of his letter is a summary in another hand: 'giving an account of Kelly's play being damn'd on account of his politics in *The Ledger*. Garrick then played Lear and says he did it so well, never so well in his life—he said he thought the people would not contain with clapping, they roared and cried most abundantly.'³ A month later Evan spent some hours in Garrick's company and reported that the actor was in good health and was very friendly.

At the end of the year he made an effort to find Lloyd a more lucrative living than that of Llanfair, and approached Lady Spencer⁴ and Sarah Wilmot, both of whom were thought to have influence with the Bishop of St. Asaph. Bishop Shipley's answer to Mrs. Wilmot's note was 'full of politeness, esteem for you, friendship for me, confession of Mr Lloyd's wit, & Genius etc. etc., but he had offer'd the living to Mr Mostyn'. Mrs. Wilmot then offered Lloyd one of the Monmouthshire livings in the gift of her husband,⁵ but Evan wittily declined, saying that his connexions with Merioneth made him prefer that county.⁶

In July 1771 John Wilkes and Evan Lloyd decided to call upon the Garricks and sent them a preliminary note:⁷

At the Court of Apollo, it was resolved—That a Pilgrimage be made to Hampton, on Monday next, by Messrs Wilkes and Lloyd to pay their Devoirs to the *Prophet Shakespeare and his Priest*.

N.B. Miss Wilkes will pay her compliments to Mrs Garrick at the same time.

¹ Torn.

² Charles Holland, the actor, died at the age of thirty-six on 7 December 1769 (*The Thespian Dictionary*, 1805; *London Magazine*, December 1769, p. 603).

³ Cardiff Public Library MS. 2. 76, f. 50.

⁴ D. Garrick, *Private Correspondence*, ed. J. Boaden (London, 1831), i. 407.

⁵ S. Wilmot to D. Garrick, 6 January 1770 (Victoria & Albert Museum, Garrick Correspondence, vol. xxxix, ff. 74–5).

⁶ E. Lloyd to D. Garrick, 14 January 1770 (Victoria & Albert Museum, Garrick Correspondence, vol. xxxix, ff. 103–4.)

⁷ D. Garrick, *Private Correspondence*, ed. cit., i. 426.

Garrick was unable to receive them because of prior engagements, but he congratulated Wilkes on his recent success in topping the poll at the election of sheriffs for the City of London, and asked to be remembered most kindly to Lloyd.¹ There was no lack of friendliness on Garrick's part, and in October Evan was pleased to be able to introduce his friend, John Pugh Pryse, to Roscius.²

When Garrick next wrote to Lloyd, he enclosed a copy of his 'Epitaph on Hogarth'. Three weeks earlier he had sent the verses to Samuel Johnson, who had almost rewritten them, adding the characteristic comment, 'Thus it is easy to find faults, but it is hard to make an epitaph'. Garrick would have liked a more flattering reception for his verses and he now sent them to his admiring friends, Dr. Benjamin Hoadly³ and Evan Lloyd. His letter to Lloyd is now at Harvard:⁴

London Jan'y 4 1772

My dear Sir

Never be angry with Me that I don't write as soon as I ought—as soon as your impatience would wish me—I have been busy & very busy indeed!—I began the Winter or rather y^e Season with great uneasiness, several fits of y^e Stone,⁵ & much business in hand almost overset me—however by advice, & much Philosophy I took to y^e great remedy for y^e Stone—y^e Lixivium, or Soap-bye—which has prov'd a Specific for Me—I have got health, Voice Spirits & Strength & lost my belly—in short I have play'd with some credit & the people are really mad after Me as if I was a new face—I tell not this in vanity, but in y^e Spirit of truth—I will venture to say that by abstaining from Wine, which, tho no Drunkard, I really lov'd, (at first for y^e Sake of Society & at last for Its own) that I have shewn as much philosophy as any of y^e Ancients ever practis'd, & more than some Moderns (friends of Mine) Ever Will—I have obey'd yr Commands about y^r Carving business, but you may See that yr Friend wanted not friends by y^e inclosed letter—I saw yr Member M^r Pryse⁶ as you may see by y^e frank, very often while he stay'd—he wants health, and retirement—I would say much more to you but y^e last Bell rings & I must conclude, or be excluded this post.

Ever & sincerely y^r

D Garrick

Mad^e sends y^e Season's Compt^s.

In April 1772 Mrs. Wilmot made further efforts to obtain another living

¹ D. Garrick to John Wilkes, 7 July 1771 (British Museum Add. MS. 30877, f. 60).

² E. Lloyd to D. Garrick, 5 October 1771 (Victoria & Albert Museum, Garrick Correspondence, vol. xxxix, ff. 105–6).

³ Catalogue of Autograph Letters formed by Alfred Morrison, ed. A. W. Thibaudeau (1888), ii. 163.

⁴ My transcription is from a photostat, kindly supplied me by Dr. W. Van Lennep, Curator of the Harvard Theatre Collection.

⁵ For Garrick's sufferings from the stone see J. Cradock, *Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs* (London, 1828), iv. 251.

⁶ John Pugh Pryse, Member of Parliament for Merioneth, 1768–74.

for Lloyd, but could only report that Evan would have to 'perform quarantine' before he could expect preferment. She asked Garrick, 'has Mr Lloyd any enemies about him, or is the Bishop dainty in his clergy? or is Mr Lloyd too lively for his cloth? I am inclined to believe he has too much wit for his neighbours to be his friends.'¹

In late August Lloyd was delighted to receive visits in his London lodging from both Garrick and Wilkes. They came separately, but 'both expressed very cordial friendship; and I am persuaded both were sincere'.² Evan Lloyd was now completing his last long poem, *An Epistle to David Garrick*, and he probably showed the drafts to the actor.

The theme of this poem is described and portrayed in the frontispiece: 'Nature, leaning on the Sarcophagus of Shakespeare, crowns Genius with Laurel for guarding her most exquisite Fruits . . . from the Rapaciousness of Envy.' Genius was Garrick; Envy, William Kenrick. It was a sign of distinction to be attacked by Kenrick, the literary hangman who had abused Goldsmith, Johnson, Colman, and Boswell, and had now brought out *Love in the Suds*, 'a town eclogue, being the lamentation of Roscius for the loss of his Nyky'. The charge that Garrick had been guilty of Isaac Bickerstaff's offences could not be upheld, but *Love in the Suds* created such a stir that Garrick thought of taking action. Lloyd came forward to defend his hero in the *Epistle to David Garrick*.

His counsel is to be found in the line: 'Fairness will Foulness ever to it draw.' Garrick must take envy for granted and should despise his critics, who have no talent themselves and cannot see genius in others. But Lloyd's further flattery of Garrick is fulsome and tedious, and the *Epistle* lacks the wit which had characterized *Conversation*. The only interesting passage is that describing Samuel Johnson:

Draws the long Reptile forth the War to meet,
A Task too mighty for a thousand Feet!
Onward he crawleth, like a gouty Snail,
Cowards to fight, or felons to a jail.
'Vengeance is mine—th' Exchequer will repay—
And Vengeance shall be surfeited today—
My Troop of Feet shall wade through Junius' blood,
And N—— triumphant stem the Crimson Flood.'
—So vaunts old Grub—but all his menac'd harm
Ends in the Nothing of a *False Alarm*.

The Critical Review declared with justice that the poem never rose above mediocrity and warned its author that it would certainly provoke 'the irritable bard, Kenrick, to pay his compliments to Mr. Lloyd'.³

¹ D. Garrick, *Private Correspondence*, ed. cit., ii. 357.

² Evan Lloyd to his father, 1 September 1772 (Nat. Lib. of Wales MS. 9664, f. 113).

³ *The Critical Review*, xxxv. 70 (London, 1773).

A reply to Lloyd's eulogy appeared almost immediately. His *Epistle* was reprinted with introduction and footnotes deriding his effort. The compilation was entitled *A Whipping for the Welch Parson* and it was by 'Scriblerius Flagellarius'. It has been accepted as Kenrick's work since the notes contain angry references to the 'infamous manner' in which Garrick had benefited from the performance of *Falstaff's Wedding* (by Kenrick) and long, boastful quotations from *Love in the Suds*. Most of the notes merely make fun of Lloyd's accident or use of mixed metaphor.

Lloyd added nothing to his reputation by this poem, and the only return he gained from it was Garrick's greater interest and friendliness. Even these availed him little in the next two years when his gout and rheumatism grew so painful that he had to retire to his old home at Vron Dderw, near Bala. His many friends sincerely regretted losing his witty and good-humoured company. Before death he wrote one last letter to Garrick:¹

Vron 18th Sept. 75

Dear Sir

'Tis high time to know how you do—your long Vacation is nearly over, & 'bustle, bustle' will be ye word shortly Your Theatrical Campaign opens about this Time, & I hope you will have Health enough to support you thro' all ye Murders which you are to commit & suffer. I hope no Gout has so podagra'd you, as to occasion your being taken in Mr. Strictland's House; nor chiragra'd you so as to let Richmond have the Crown, without good hard Knocks to follow it. I expect you shortly in ye Papers, cover'd with fresh Laurels—but where they will stick them, I know not, unless they make a perfect grove of you—then you may laugh at 'Birnam Wood' on its march to Dunsinane, for you'll be quite a Match for it—I am not yet fit to be wean'd from my good Nurses, the Goats—May I not hope to vie with Romulus, for surely I suck more reputable Teats? I won't, however undertake to make Bala rival Rome—I have desir'd a trusty Friend in Town to send you some Sussex *Ortolans* in my Name—Whenever they come to Table, pray call 'em a *Dish of Thanks*—for they are only intended as a small Token of ye gratitude with which I am, dear Roscius,

Y^rs most devotedly,
E. Lloyd.

Comp^{ts} to Mrs. Garrick.

Garrick had not flattered him when he had said that no one could write a more sprightly letter than Lloyd.

Five months later Evan Lloyd lay dead. John Wilkes composed the epitaph that now appears on his memorial tablet,² and Garrick, too, may

¹ Evan Lloyd to D. Garrick, 18 September 1775 (Victoria & Albert Museum, Garrick Correspondence, vol. xxxix, f. 109).

² In Llanycil Parish Church.

have remembered him in verse. Among the actor's collected poems there are some lines¹ that might fit Lloyd in every way:

Here Trillo lies, a laughing, merry Priest.
Who lov'd good ale, a fiddle and a jest;—
Death took him in the middle of a song,
Ty'd all his fingers, and untun'd his tongue;
Low rest his bones, his soul ascends on high,
In sure and certain hopes its heav'n is nigh,
Where he may *sing* and *play* to all eternity!

Lloyd loved singing, punning, ale, and good company. Garrick's relations with him may have begun in self-interest, but they developed into a friendship that showed itself in the assiduous way in which the great actor tried to obtain another living for his witty correspondent, in the gay letters he sent him, and in the little familiarities that pleased Lloyd so much. These letters reveal the best and most generous side of Garrick's complex nature, and they indicate how he responded in a most subtle way to the peculiar outlook and spirit of every one of his friends.

¹ D. Garrick, *Poetical Works* (London, 1785), ii. 482.

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ECHOES OF THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL IN THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

By E. C. PETTET

In spite of several close investigations in recent years, like M. R. Ridley's *Keats' Craftsmanship* and W. W. Beyer's *Keats and the Daemon King*, into the echoes of Keats's reading that are to be detected in *The Eve of St. Agnes*, no one¹ seems to have paid much attention to the evident reminiscences of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* in this poem. This oversight is particularly surprising since the most striking echo of Scott—and the pointer to so much else—is to be found in what is probably the most famous stanza of Keats's poem, his description of the stained-glass casement (Stanza xxiv).

In the second Canto of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* the Monk of St. Mary's aisle leads Sir William through the cloisters of Melrose into the chapel where the wizard, Michael Scott, lies buried. Describing the scene, Scott gives us a detailed picture of the east oriel:

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combin'd;
Thou wouldest have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twin'd;
Then fram'd a spell, when the work was done,
And chang'd the willow-wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Shew'd many a prophet, and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moon-beam kiss'd the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.²

The general similarity of Keats's stanza to this passage is remarkable enough: in both poems we have an elaborate description of a stained-glass

¹ Apart from J. C. Jordan in his 'The Eve of St. Agnes and The Lay of the Last Minstrel', *M.L.N.* xliii (1928), 38–40. But this is a very short article, and merely touches on two points of resemblance—the window descriptions and the line 'Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray'. I have indicated in the following footnotes wherever Jordan anticipates the particular parallel that I am attempting to establish.

² *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, II. xi. (All the references are to Logie Robertson's Oxford edition of Scott's poems, 1926.)

window in a medieval building; in both the moonlight is streaming through the window and casting a dominant red light¹—in *The Lay* the ‘bloody stain’ that marks the position of the tomb of Michael Scott, and in *The Eve of St. Agnes* the ‘shielded scutcheon blush’d with blood of queens and kings’ and the ‘warm gules’ and ‘rose-bloom’ thrown on Madeline. But the correspondence between these two passages runs much closer than this general parallel. For one thing, each stanza is built on the same pattern: in each there is a description of the stone-work of the window followed by a description of the coloured glass. Further, it will be noticed that in his description of the masonry:

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass . . .²

Keats employs a vegetal sort of imagery resembling that of Scott in the first eight lines of his stanza. Admittedly this Baudelaorian *correspondance* between architecture and vegetation was a marked characteristic of Keats's native sensibility,³ and abundant evidence of it is to be found in such an early poem as *Endymion*; nor does the substance of his image in the first three lines of Stanza xxiv owe anything to Scott's foliage, ozier wand, and poplars, or to the conceit in which these details are woven—unless, as a very remote verbal association, Scott's ‘freakish knot’ suggested his own ‘knotgrass’. On the other hand, Keats's ‘carven imag'ries / Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass’ may very well have been a subconscious memory of four lines in *The Lay* that occur just three stanzas before the picture of the oriel window:⁴

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,
Glisten'd with the dew of night;
Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd there,
But was carv'd in the cloister-arches as fair.⁵

There are several further echoes of *The Lay*, fortuitous or not, in Keats's description of the stained glass of his casement. Perhaps the most revealing of these is the phrase ‘twilight saints’ reminding us of Scott's reference to ‘many a saint’,⁶ for while the images of saints are perfectly

¹ Sidney Colvin in *John Keats* (London, 1917), pp. 400–1, has pointed out the inaccuracy of this: ‘Observation, I believe, shows that moonlight has not the power to transmit the separate hues of painted glass as Keats in this celebrated passage represents it, but fuses them into a kind of neutral or indiscriminate opaline shimmer.’ Presumably Keats was following Scott in this error.

² xxiv. 208–10 [*Poetical Works of John Keats*, ed. H. W. Garrod (Oxford, 1939)].

³ See Wilson Knight's *The Starlit Dome* (London, 1941), pp. 258–307, *passim*.

⁴ J. C. Jordan (*loc. cit.*) makes this suggestion.

⁵ *The Lay*, II. viii.

⁶ Noted by J. C. Jordan (*loc. cit.*).

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appropriate to the window of a chapel in Melrose Abbey, they are less fitting¹—and perhaps rather unexpected—in a young lady's bedroom window in a feudal castle, however pious Keats makes his Madeline to be. There is also a common use, and in each instance for the purpose of rhyme, of 'dyed' and 'dyes', a word that is not an obvious one in this context of stained glass; while Keats's 'shielded scutcheon', a phrase that he employed in his earliest draft of the stanza, though in a different place, may very well have been a recollection of the word from the stanza immediately preceding Scott's oriel window:

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven,
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,²

Finally, it is just possible that the elaboration of the 'blushed with blood' metaphor that Keats attached to his 'shielded scutcheon' in his final version of the stanza owed something to the association of the 'bloody stain' of light on the chapel floor, especially as the image of blood is insistent in this part of Scott's poem—again in

Slow mov'd the Monk to the broad flag-stone
Which the bloody Cross was trac'd upon . . .³

and a little later in

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain.⁴

None of these latter details in Keats's description, except perhaps the 'twilight saints', is particularly convincing of his indebtedness to Scott if we consider it in isolation; but taken together, and combined with the other correspondences we have noted, they do suggest a strong reminiscence of *The Lay* in Stanza xxiv of *St. Agnes*, immensely superior as this stanza is to Scott's description of the oriel window. Nor should the undistinguished quality of Scott's writing be raised as an objection to the probability that this passage had impressed itself indelibly on Keats's imagination, for if the phrasing is not at all memorable, the subject of the window, to which a long and entire stanza is devoted, certainly remains for most readers as a chief memory of Canto II.

There are several other correspondences between *The Eve of St. Agnes*

¹ There is no mention of 'twilight saints' in the cancelled opening of H, the autograph manuscript.

² *The Lay*, II. x. J. C. Jordan thinks that something of this may have gone into Keats's 'dim emblazonings': 'Scott, it will be noticed, has "full many a scutcheon", which, with the banners that "shook to the cold night-wind" to the light of "the dying lamps" and "the scrolls that teach them to live and to die" (mentioned in the first section of Canto II) may be what Keats remembered as "dim emblazonings"' (loc. cit., p. 39).

³ *Ibid.*, xvii.

⁴ *Ibid.*, xx.

and this second Canto of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Once again none of these parallels, taken in isolation, can be regarded as altogether conclusive evidence of Keats's reminiscence of Scott's poem; but as a mass their effect is certainly impressive.

First, there is Keats's prologue and epilogue figure of the ancient Beadsman. In view of the very strong case that Beyer makes for the influence of Wieland's *Oberon* on the narrative of *The Eve of St. Agnes* he may be correct in associating the Beadsman with the hermit of *Oberon*.¹ But if, from the evidence of the corresponding window-descriptions, we are to assume that this passage in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* dealing with the opening of Michael Scott's tomb made a particularly sharp impression on Keats,² is it not likely that something of the Monk of St. Mary's aisle also went into the figure of the Beadsman? Like the Monk of St. Mary's aisle the Beadsman is a figure of prayer and penance, and though he takes no part in the action of the poem, he dies soon afterwards as the Monk dies after the midnight excitement about Michael Scott's tomb:

The Monk return'd him to his cell,
And many a prayer and penance sped;
When the convent met at the noon-tide bell—
The Monk of St. Mary's aisle was dead!³

His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.⁴

The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.⁵

There may also have been in Keats's Beadsman a fusion of the Monk of St. Mary's aisle with the Minstrel who tells the story, for not only are the Minstrel and Beadsman both used as prologue figures, but the Minstrel, whom Scott depicts for us through the impact of those opening lines,

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray,
Seem'd to have known a better day. . . .⁶

¹ W. W. Beyer, *Keats and the Daemon King* (Oxford, 1947), pp. 147–91. e.g.: 'And I think the hermit of Porphyro's words to Madeline, like the "eremite" of the opening stanzas, provides but one clue. For Keats had seen all these features in or connected with Canto V of *Oberon*' (p. 152).

² May this be the reason why the Baron's dreams (Stanza xlii) are of such a sepulchral kind?

³ *The Lay*, II. xxiii.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 377–8.

⁵ *The Eve of St. Agnes*, 24–7.

⁶ *The Lay*, Introduction, 1–4.

very much resembles Keats's Beadsman, in the image of shrunken, decrepit age and in the surrounding atmosphere, so much more intense in Keats of course, of cold and of rigorous weather. Also, it is significant to note that Keats describes his Beadsman as 'this aged man and poor'.¹ Unless we find an explanation in the exigencies of rhyme—and even in *The Eve of St. Agnes* Keats did occasionally let rhyme take charge—there seems no apparent reason connected with the rest of the poem why he should have stressed the poverty of the Beadsman in this way. But if in composing these opening stanzas Keats was stimulated by a subconscious memory of the Introduction of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, the epithet 'poor' might easily have come spontaneously to him, and without much thought. Such a teeming abundance of associations, with the Monk of St. Mary's aisle and with the Minstrel (to say nothing of the *Oberon* hermit), may explain why, as the draft manuscripts clearly show, Keats's writing in the opening stanzas was so much more fluent and effortless than in most of the remainder of the poem. This burst of spontaneous composition may have been an instance of that poetic process that he himself admirably describes in the sonnet that is the key to understanding his assimilation of other poets:

And often, when I sit me down to rhyme,
These will in throngs before my mind intrude:
But no confusion, no disturbance rude
Do they occasion; 'tis a pleasing chime.²

Nor perhaps is Scott's influence on the opening of *The Eve of St. Agnes* confined to the genesis of the Beadsman. Keats's graphic account of the monuments of old knights in the chapel aisle:

Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails³

may have been stimulated by two passages in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, by the stanza (iv) in the first Canto describing how ten of the Lady of Bucleuch's knights lived perpetually—and most uncomfortably, one would imagine—in armour, and by a verse in the *Harold* ballad:

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheath'd in his iron panoply.⁴

What makes Keats's echoing of Scott here more probable is an obscurity in his own lines. We have been given to understand that he is describing mere

¹ *St. Agnes*, 21.

² 'How many bards gild the lapses of time', 5-8.

³ *St. Agnes*, 16-18.

⁴ *The Lay*, vi. xxiii.

monuments of knights and ladies, the 'sculptur'd dead'. Yet in the last line of the stanza he writes as though these knights and ladies are actually, and painfully, inside their 'icy hoods and mails'. This is all rather puzzling, but at least the abrupt transition of Keats's ideas is explained if we assume that he was carried away by a reminiscence of the verse from the *Harold* ballad where the knights were indeed buried in their armour.

To return to the second Canto of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*: when the porter leads William of Deloraine to the Monk of St. Mary's aisle, Scott gives us this picture of the knight's passage:

The arched cloister, far and wide,
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride,
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He enter'd the cell of the ancient priest.¹

Both of the images combined in these lines—the 'arched cloister' or 'pillar'd arches'² and the 'lofty crest' or 'waving plume'³—are strongly impressed on us in this first part of the second Canto. Now it happens that in the two opening lines of Stanza xiii of *The Eve of St. Agnes* we find these two same images in a picture that, without the 'clanking stride' (inappropriate anyway in Keats's context), closely resembles Scott's:

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume.⁴

It is true that, to judge from the *Calidore* fragment—

Lo! I must tell a tale of chivalry;
For large white plumes are dancing in mine eye—⁵

the panache always appears to have held a special fascination for Keats as part of knightly accoutrement. But with this reservation—and the earlier *Calidore* image may also have been impressed on him by a reading of Scott's romances—it seems highly probable that the first two lines of Stanza xiii of *The Eve of St. Agnes* are a reminiscence from the second Canto of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, for, along with the close similarity of the two passages, there are two other links of association. First, just as Sir William of Deloraine immediately passes into the Monk's cell, so Porphyro straightway enters

a little moonlight room,
Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb;⁶

¹ *The Lay*, II. iii.

² *Ibid.*, vii.

³ *Ibid.*, xviii.

⁴ *St. Agnes*, 109–10. M. R. Ridley [Keats' Craftsmanship] (Oxford, 1933), pp. 127–9 suggests that Mrs. Radcliffe's novels were the source of the imagery in these lines.

⁵ *Specimen of an Introduction to a Poem*, 1–2.

⁶ *St. Agnes*, 112–13.

and secondly, the exclamation Angela utters—‘well-a-day’—is an unfamiliar archaism that Scott had employed in his poem.¹

In the second part of Canto II Scott switches our attention from his gothic horror-tale of the midnight opening of Michael Scott’s tomb to the other element in his story, in which is embodied the Romeo and Juliet motif of Keats’s poem—the meeting of the young lovers Margaret and Lord Cranstoun against a background of relentless family feud. The transition to this meeting is well managed in a stanza (xxv) that, if tricked out with poetic cliché, gives a welcome breath of freshness and the open air. Margaret is introduced in an emphatic association of roses and violets:

And peeped forth the violet pale,
 And spread her breast the mountain rose.
And lovelier than the rose so red,
 Yet paler than the violet pale,
She early left her sleepless bed,
 The fairest maid of Teviotdale.²

Were these lines—or some hint of them—obscurely running in Keats’s head when he described the consummation of his own lovers?

Into her dream he melted, as the rose
 Blendeth its odour with the violet.³

This is a parallel that cannot, of course, be closely pressed, but it should be noted, as some further evidence for the possibility that Keats may have been unconsciously echoing Scott, that the two passages have a common association (in Keats’s poem implied) with the Lady’s bed.

Later, when Margaret and Lord Cranstoun are suddenly alarmed, Scott tells us how

Fair Margaret through the hazel grove,
 Flew like the startled cushat-dove.⁴

The simile is an obvious one no doubt. But it is interesting to observe that Keats twice⁵ likens his Madeline to a frightened dove, and once in these similes describes her as a ring-dove. ‘Cushat-dove’ is a rare dialect synonym for ring-dove, and the trouble that Keats may have taken to discover its meaning when he first read *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* may have lodged the comparison in his mind with particular firmness.

But if there must be some hesitation over these last two parallels we have discussed, there cannot be much doubt that Keats’s description of the flight of Madeline and Porphyro owes something to the meeting of

¹ Introduction 9. The word is also employed in one of Scott’s sources, *Christabel*, I. 264.

³ *St. Agnes*, 320-1.

² *The Lay*, II. xxv.

⁴ *The Lay*, II. xxxiv.

⁵ *St. Agnes*, 198 and 333.

Margaret and Cranstoun in the second Canto of *The Lay*. Describing Margaret's movements as she leaves the bed-chamber, Scott writes:

Why does she stop, and look often around,
As she glides down the secret stair;
And why does she pat the shaggy bloodhound,
As he rouses him up from his lair;
And, though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?¹

Madeline and Porphyro, too, make a 'darkling way' 'down the wide stairs',² and later encounter just such a Porter and a bloodhound:³

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flaggon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns.⁴

Probably we should not make anything of the repeated 'glide', though Scott employs this verb in both Stanza xxvi and xxvii, since the word is almost an inevitable one in the common context; but the emphatic 'iron porch', which is hardly justified by the later reference to bolts and chains, may be a memory of the Minstrel's entry into Newark tower:

The embattl'd portal arch he pass'd,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
But never closed the *iron door*
Against the desolate and poor.⁵

After the second Canto of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* there is little of the Margaret-Cranstoun story—at least as far as it parallels that of Madeline and Porphyro—until the last Canto, with the betrothal ceremony and the festivity in Branksome Hall. The main significance of this for Keats's poem is that this sustained description of revelry in the castle, along with the account of the earlier entertainment of the English army before the combat between Musgrave and 'William of Deloraine', may have partly suggested to Keats the idea of setting his elopement story against a background of baronial banqueting. That this is not to be dismissed as a

¹ *The Lay*, II. xxvi. The details of these lines are repeated in the following stanza.

² *St. Agnes*, 355.

³ Another common source in the mastiff watch-dog of *Christabel*?

⁴ *St. Agnes*, 361–6.

⁵ *The Lay*, Introduction 32–6. Is there in both a common echo of *Christabel*, I. 127—'The gate that was ironed within and without'?

vague hypothesis is indicated by one striking correspondence of detail. In the main description of the festivities Scott tells us how

from the lofty balcony,
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery.¹

In his description of the entertainment at the opening of *The Eve of St. Agnes* Keats mentions only the trumpet, but his lines are very close indeed to Scott's:

Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide.²

But, apart from a possible echo of

And on her head a crimson hood,
With pearls embroider'd and entwin'd . . .³

in Keats's 'Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees',⁴ Canto VI of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* does not appear to have stimulated much in *The Eve of St. Agnes*.

There remain a handful of slight correspondences, which, being remote and probably just coincidental, may be briefly noted.

- 1. (a) Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air.⁵
- (b) To spirits of the air, and visions wide . . .⁶
- 2. (a) And, as the Knight and Priest withdrew,
With wavering steps and dizzy brain . . .⁷
- (b) 'For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
'On such a catering trust my dizzy head.'⁸
- 3. (a) Each trophied beam, each sculptur'd stone,
Were instant seen, and instant gone.⁹
- (b) Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptur'd stone.¹⁰
- 4. (a) 'For Paynim countries I have trod' . . .¹¹
- (b) Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray.¹²

The most interesting of these possible parallels is certainly the last.¹³

¹ *The Lay*, vi. vi.

² *St. Agnes*, 30-1.

³ *The Lay*, vi. v.

⁴ *St. Agnes*, 227. Cf. *Christabel*, ll. 64-5:

And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.

⁵ *The Lay*, i. xii.

⁶ *St. Agnes*, 201-2. Beyer (op. cit., p. 171) traces the influence of Oberon here.

⁷ *The Lay*, ii. xxii.

⁸ *St. Agnes*, 176-7.

⁹ *The Lay*, vi. xxv.

¹⁰ *St. Agnes*, 297.

¹¹ *The Lay*, ii. xii. Beyer (op. cit., p. 173) associates this with Oberon.

¹² *St. Agnes*, 241.

¹³ Jordan (loc. cit., p. 40) observes this parallel, but does not make my point concerning the simile: "Clasp'd like a missal" may have had its origin in Keats's rather vivid memory of the "Mighty Book" (probably in black letter and illuminated like a mass-book) clasped with its clasp of iron, a book of pagan wizard lore brought from a paynim country.'

for there may be more of reminiscence in Keats's line than his repetition of the word 'Paynim'. One detail of Scott's supernatural story in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* that is likely to stick in the reader's mind is William Scott's magic book, the book that had the property of closing itself and that Cranstoun's Goblin Page found so baffling to open. This being so, it is not impossible, through the devious process of mental associations, that the magic book suggested to Keats one of his two similes for describing Madeline shut fast in sleep and in all her purity and beauty:

Clasp'd ['shut' in Keats' first version] like a missal . . .

Though Scott's poetry was not admired in Leigh Hunt's circle, we may gather from Keats's letters that he had read Scott's poetry and was inclined—sometimes at any rate—to admire it considerably: 'We have seen three literary Kings in our Time—Scott—Byron—and then the scotch novels.'¹ While there is no exterior evidence that he had read *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* the probability of this is almost a certainty; and when he came to write his own narrative poem on the Romeo and Juliet motif it was most likely that he would recall, if only subconsciously, an impressive poem that embodied, admittedly among much else, the same theme. That this association was actually made in his creative imagination appears proved not only by the detailed evidence of parallels that we have marshalled here but by the extremely significant fact that most of his echoes originate from the second Canto of Scott's poem—that is to say, from that part of it that runs nearest to his own tale in the secret meeting of Cranstoun and Margaret. The more martial Cantos of *The Lay* seem, as we would expect, to have afforded no suggestions at all.

All that remains to be said is that if Keats owed a considerable debt to Scott for various details of *The Eve of St. Agnes*, in almost every instance he transformed the homespun of his reading into the loveliest and richest of cloth of gold.

¹ *Letters of John Keats*, ed. M. Buxton Forman (Oxford, 1948), pp. 256–7.

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NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

UNPRINTED EPIGRAMS OF SIR JOHN DAVIES

THE *Epigrams* of Sir John Davies were published along with Marlowe's *Elegies* from an edition printed at Middleburgh probably in 1590. There is an earlier draft of them in Bodleian MS. Rawlinson poetry 212 on folios 66^b-55^a with the heading 'English Epigrammes much like Buckminsters Almanacks servinge for all England, but especially for y^e Meridian of y^e honorable Cittye of London calculated by Iohn Davis of Grayes Inne gentleman A^o 1594 in November'. Davies was a member of the Middle Temple, not of Grays Inn. Almanacs of Thomas Buckminster are known from 1565 to 1599; the phrasing of his titles, e.g. in his almanac for 1598, is copied in the Davies heading.

There are trivial variants in the manuscript text, none worth recording. But there are eight epigrams, which were not printed and which Davies evidently suppressed on revision. They have slight literary value and add nothing to his fame. The manuscript date of 1594 must be incorrect in view of the fact that they are the earlier copies.

f. 58 37

In Meandrum.

Meander is not as hee seemes to bee
In outward shape a pper tall, streight youth
Nor is y^t his owne face w^{ch} yoⁿ doe see
Nor doe his hands & leggs resemble truth
Though among strangers for a man he passe
Yet they y^t knowe him, knowe him for an asse./

f. 58^a 38

In Gallum./

Thou saiest thy daughter vnderstands y^e Greeke
And can in Latine & Italiane prate
Gallus els where a sonne in law goe seeke
A woman of soe many tongues I hate./

ff. 57-8 40

In Crispum./

Crispus, if ever it could well be said
That one is all in beaten sattin cladd,
Of thee it iustly may y^t being araid
In sattin hast y^e bastinado had./

f. 57^b 41

In Gellam.

Gella of late is growne a Puritane
Vnlesse she iape, shee will not kisse a man./

In Decium.

Decius is of a gentle disposition

That in an hower hee will acquainted bee
wth every man, but then note his condition
wthin an hower no man so straunge as hee./

In Bretton.

Bretton, though thou wert vexed wth y^e Rheume
Or wth y^e Neopolitan disease
Or wth y^e cough y^t doth y^e lungs consume
Or wth y^e tickling murre, or all of these
Yet Bretton knowe y^t it were farre vnfitt
for thee, at every woord thou speakest to spitte.

In Mundayum.

If hee forsweare himselfe but once a daye

In floram.

The queane is madd how will shee eate & drinke
now must she pay her honest surgeons skore
That wth his Lotium scoures her filthy sincke
you of y^e parrish trust not her vaine oathes
Shee is pservered by a thinge shee loathes
who saith y^t flora hath y^e french disease
why shee can shake her legg & stretch her arme
She can drinke drunke & shee can iape wth ease
And though her breath stinks it doth no man harme
Now I pceave whence this suspicion growes
forsooth she speaks a little through her nose./

finis

Sixteen epigrams of the printed text are not in the manuscript. These are *In Plurimos* (5), *In Katam* (8), *In Librum* (9), *In Quintum* (12), *In Leucam* (14), *In Cineam* (19), *In Gerontem* (20), *In Gallum* (24), *In Sillam* (28, 'Who dares affirme'), *In Dacum* (45), *In Marcum* (46), *Meditation of a Gull* (47), *Ad Musam* (48). The three last round off the collection and are mature work. They confirm the suggestion that the Rawlinson manuscript contains the earlier draft.

PERCY SIMPSON

BRUTUS' CRIME: A FOOTNOTE TO *JULIUS CAESAR*

THERE is a strand of thought in the sixteenth-century idea of Julius Caesar and of his assassination by Brutus which, though it must be well known, I do not remember to have seen discussed with reference to Shakespeare's play. It is implied by the view of Brutus as a traitor represented by Dante (*Inferno*, xxxiv. 61-7). Dante is described by Dr. Dover Wilson as a 'Ghibelline and imperialist exception' to the general 'traditional Renaissance view' which saw Caesar as 'A Roman Tamburlaine of illimitable ambition and ruthless, irresistible genius; a monstrous tyrant who destroyed his country and ruined the "mightiest and most flourishing commonwealth that the world will ever see"'.¹

There is, of course, no doubt of the truth of Dr. Dover Wilson's statement, in so far as it concerns the men of the new learning; but taking into account only English literature, one need not go far to find companions for Dante, who describe Brutus as 'false' and his deed as murder. Thus we find in Chaucer:

To Rome ageyn repaireth Iulius
 With his triumphe, laureat ful hye,
 But on a tyme Brutus Cassius
 That ever hadde of his hye estaat envyne,
 Ful prively hath maad conspiracye,
 Ageins this Iulius, in subtil wyse,
 And cast the place, in whiche he sholde dye
 With boydekins, as I shal yow devyse.

This Iulius to the Capitolie wente
 Upon a day, as he was wont to goon,
 And in the Capitolie anon him hente
 This false Brutus, and his othere foon,
 And stiked him with boydekins anoon
 With many a wounde, and thus they lete him lye;
 But never gronte he at no strook but oon,
 Or elles at two, but if his storie lye.

(*'The Monkes Tale'*, B 3885-900)

Gower does not describe Caesar's death, but his only mention of Caesar is 'the noble Cesar Iulius' (*Confessio Amantis*, Prologue, l. 714). Lydgate, as one might expect, writes at much greater length in the *Fall of Princes* (Book VI, ll. 2024 seqq.). When he comes to describe how a poor man called Longilius (the equivalent of Shakespeare's Artemidorus) 'secreli the tresoun dide espie', and how Caesar neglected his letter, he bursts out

¹ *Julius Caesar* (Cambridge, 1949), pp. xxiii-v.

But, o alas, ambitious negligence
Caused his mordre bi unwar violence,

(vi. 2862-3)

and then tells how, Fortune awaiting to give Caesar a fall,

He moordred was, with many a mortal wounde.

(vi. 2869)

The seven stanzas of the envoy which follows all finish with the line, slightly varied,

Moordred at Roome bi Brutus Cassius.

Lydgate uses the word 'conspiracy' of Caesar's enemies, and begins his next section,

Affter the moordre of this manli man,
This noble prince, this famous emperour. . . .

(vi. 2920-1)

Again, in the *Serpent of Division*, he calls Brutus' deed a 'murder'. All these works were well known in the sixteenth century; and the *Serpent of Division* was prefixed to the 1590 edition of *Gorboduc*. For a version written in the sixteenth century itself, we have to look no further than the *Mirror for Magistrates*, where there is a life of Caesar in the parts first added in 1587—twelve years before the date assigned by Dr. Dover Wilson to the first production of *Julius Caesar*. Here, after speaking of his glory and power, Caesar says:

This they envide that sude aloft to clime,
As *Cassius*, which the *Pretorship* did craue,
And *Brutus* eke his friende which bare the crime
Of my dispatch, for they did first deprave
My life, mine actes, and sought my bloud to haue,
Full secretly amongst them selves conspirde, decreede
To bee attemptors of that cruell bloodynde deede,
When *Caesar* in the *Senate* house from noble hart should bleede.¹

But finally Caesar, in his last moralizing stanza, says of his own death:

I deeme therefore my stony harte and brest
Receu'd so many wounds for iust reuenge, they stood
By iustice right of Ioue, the sacred sentence good,
That who so slayes, hee payes the price, is bloud for bloud.²

(The last line seems to be meant only to refer to Caesar; but when we look at Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, we see that it applies with equal force to Brutus.) The equivocal, not to say contradictory, attitude to Caesar expressed by the writer in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, worthless as the episode

¹ *Parts added to the Mirror for Magistrates*, ed. L. B. Campbell (Cambridge, 1946), p. 300, ll. 329-36.

² *Ibid.*, p. 302, ll. 401-8.

is as literature, might be paralleled in Shakespeare's creation of the character of Caesar.

Next, if we look at North's *Plutarch*, we find both in the text and in the marginal comments, in the *Life of Caesar* and in the *Life of Brutus*, that Caesar's death is several times referred to as 'murther', and his assassins as conspirators.

Up to 1590, therefore, it is possible, by taking only the most obvious texts, to see a line of tradition wherein Caesar's death is regarded as a crime, and Brutus as a criminal. In some of these texts, Caesar himself is regarded not as a tyrant, but as a noble Emperor. This attitude persists in the *Mirror for Magistrates* to the detriment of consistency, and in spite of the author's quoting of 'Bochas' and Lydgate, and of his apparently having read Plutarch. (It may be worth noting, in connexion with Shakespeare's historical treatment of Caesar, that the tradition that he was Emperor died hard. Even the learned John Stow (who regarded Caesar as 'the most ambitious and greatest traytour that ever was to the Romane State') says that he had 'raigned Emperour about three or foure yeares'.¹)

So far as I know, it is not possible to say when Shakespeare began to read North's *Plutarch*. But it is to be noted that his casual references to Caesar and Brutus in the plays written before *Julius Caesar* appear to reflect this 'medieval' view of Caesar and Brutus, rather than the Renaissance view described by Dr. Dover Wilson. The comments of greatest interest are to be found in the *Henry VI* trilogy. Thus, when the Prince of Wales is murdered before his mother's eyes, she cries out:

O traitors, murderers!
They that stabb'd Caesar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it.

(*III Henry VI*, v. v. 52-5)

Here Caesar's death is used as the extreme example of a treacherous murder.

Most clearly of all (though, it may be said, spoken by one who was prejudiced), Lord Suffolk, on being haled off to be killed by Whitmore, says:

Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Caesar.

(*II Henry VI*, iv. i. 134-7)

This calls Brutus a 'vile bezonian', and is, incidentally, the only place in Shakespeare where there is any reference to the strong rumour that Brutus

¹ *The Chronicles of England*, 1580.

was Caesar's illegitimate son. But in contrast to this should be noticed the Constable of France's warning to the Dauphin about King Henry the Fifth:

How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly.

(Henry V, II. iv. 34-8)

Of Shakespeare's references later than *Julius Caesar*, the most interesting is that in *Hamlet*:

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets . . .

(Hamlet, I. i. 113-16)

Here the preliminary dire portents to the fall of Caesar are used as an example of fearsome warnings preceding great catastrophe.

Not counting the Roman plays where the treatment of Caesar and Brutus is too complex to be dealt with in a note, there are a fair number of other references to Caesar throughout Shakespeare's work; but they usually refer to him as the greatest example of soldier and conqueror.

Summarizing then, it is possible to supplement the works cited by Dr. Dover Wilson in his introduction to the play, and to show that in the sixteenth century in England it was possible to take a more favourable view of Caesar, and (especially) a much less favourable view of Brutus than was taken in those literary and artistic circles in Italy where Brutus was honoured almost as a saint. Judging from the quotations from the plays, it seems that Shakespeare may well have had some sympathy with this older, indeed medieval, tradition. After he had read Plutarch's idealizing life of Brutus (perhaps his reading of North's *Plutarch* coincided with his writing of *Henry V*), his idea of Brutus may have changed, and certainly became more complex. On the other hand, knowledge of the existence of the medieval tradition, and of Shakespeare's obvious acquaintance with it, will strengthen the position of those who, on other grounds, see Brutus as a less admirable character within the play than does Dr. Dover Wilson. It may be suspected that Shakespeare, like others, regarded Caesar's political assassination as murder most foul, as in the best it is—not only futile, but criminal.

D. S. BREWER

DUNCIAD IV. 121-2

As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new Edition of old Æson gave.

The Pope-Warburton note on Æson runs:

Of whom Ovid (very applicable to these restored authors)

Æson miratur,
Dissimilemque animum subiit—

The two half-lines quoted are *Met.* vii. 292 and 170. It seems possible that Pope drew on current commentaries on the *Metamorphoses* for the substance of his joke. At any rate, the Variorum edition of Cnippingius (Amsterdam, 1702) has the following note on vii. 346, dealing with Medea's less successful experiment on Pelias: 'Erasmus fabulam hanc interpretatur de Chymicis. Junius de Monachis & librariis, qui dum vetera exemplaria corrigere volebant, corruerunt.'

J. C. MAXWELL

W. B. YEATS AND THE UPANISHADS

THE aims of this note are first to add a small supplement to the valuable article 'The Byzantine Poems of W. B. Yeats' [R.E.S., xxii (1946), pp. 44-52], by A. Norman Jeffares, and secondly to suggest that the influence of the Upanishads on Yeats's doctrine and symbolic imagery would probably repay closer study. Little is said on the subject in such recent works as P. Ure's *Towards a Mythology* (1946), A. Norman Jeffares's *W. B. Yeats, Man and Poet* (1949), and R. Ellmann's *Yeats, the Man and the Masks* (1949).

There is no need to elaborate on Yeats's interest in early Indian texts and philosophies. His biographers have made it clear that from his earliest manhood he was deep in such studies.¹ He himself says:

For some forty years my friend George Russell (A. E.) has quoted me passages from some Upanishad. . . . More than once I asked him the name of some translator and even bought the book. . . .²

¹ See, for instance, Ellmann, op. cit., index, 'Theosophy'; Jeffares, op. cit., pp. 31-3, 192.

² *The Ten Principal Upanishads*, Shree Purohit Swami and W. B. Yeats (London, 1937), p. 7. Yeats goes on to say that the translations left him incredulous, but he is speaking only of the style in which they were written. The most likely translation for him to have bought is that by F. Max Müller in *The Sacred Books of the East*, vols. i (Oxford, 1879) and xv (Oxford, 1884). I think this was the translation that left its mark on his imagination. There are others by Charles Johnston, *From the Upanishads* (Dublin, 1896), and *The Song of Life* (New York, 1901)—a free rendering of the Brihadāraṇyaka Upanishad—and by R. E. Hume, *The Thirteen Principal Upanishads* (Oxford, 1921). Detailed study would be necessary to determine whether these or other translations have left any trace in Yeats's work. I think it probable that he would read Hume's book.

Certainly he appears to have absorbed into his imagination some doctrines and images from the Upanishads, and especially from the *Brihadāraṇyaka* Upanishad. In *Adhyāya* 4, *Brāhmaṇa* 4, section 4 of that Upanishad we read:

And as a goldsmith, taking a piece of gold, turns it into another, newer and more beautiful shape, so does this Self, after having thrown off this body and dispelled all ignorance, make unto himself another, newer and more beautiful shape. . . .¹

In the *Katha* Upanishad, ii. 5. 6–7, we learn that this shape need not be animate:

after reaching death, some enter the womb in order to have a body, as organic beings, others go into inorganic matter. . . .²

And finally, at *Brihadāraṇyaka*, iv. 3. 11, we find, in a poem dealing with the soul detached from the body, the following association of ideas: 'He goes again to his place, the golden person, the lonely bird.'³

It seems safe to conclude that these ideas and images were, consciously or unconsciously, in Yeats's mind when he wrote:

Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing,
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

But 'Sailing to Byzantium' in which these lines occur⁴ owes more than an image to the Upanishads. It is the souls of those who are not 'released', who are still attached to desires, that take a new form. A soul released from desires escapes rebirth and metamorphosis:

But as to the man who does not desire, who, not desiring, freed from desires, is satisfied in his desires, or desires the Self only, his vital spirits do not depart

¹ Müller, op. cit., xv. 175–6. Hume's translation (p. 140) is much the same except that he reads 'form' for 'shape' and 'soul' for 'Self'.

² Müller, xv. 18–19.

³ Müller, xv. 165. Instead of 'bird' Hume reads 'spirit', but Shree Purohit and Yeats agree with Müller—'the solitary Bird' (*The Ten Principal Upanishads*, p. 149).

⁴ *Collected Poems*, 1937 ed., p. 218. Jeffares tells us (op. cit., p. 236) that Yeats began to write this poem in September 1926. He also tells us that in 1923 Yeats was especially interested in books on the after-life, and that he bought books out of his Nobel Prize money. Was the Hume volume one of these, and did he retain Hume's 'form' instead of Müller's 'shape'? Jeffares, in the article mentioned above, deals with the 'Grecian' elements in the passage. See also Ellmann, op. cit., pp. 257–8.

elsewhere,—being Brahman, he goes to Brahman. On this there is this verse: 'When all desires which once entered his heart are undone, then does the mortal become immortal, then he obtains Brahman.'¹

But the poet of 'Sailing to Byzantium' is not released in this sense. Indeed he says his heart is 'sick with desire'. He wishes to be free from the 'sensual music' of fish, flesh, and fowl, but he passionately desires to sing unageing and monumentally magnificent poems; and as Yeats says elsewhere,

only an aching heart
Conceives a changeless work of art.²

A desirous and aching heart is evidently not 'released', and therefore another doctrine of the Upanishad is relevant:

According as one acts, according as one conducts himself, so does he become. . . . But people say: 'A person is made [not of acts, but] of desires only'. [In reply to this I say:] As is his desire, such is his resolve; as is his resolve, such is the action he performs; what action he performs, that he procures for himself (Or, into that does he become changed).³

The poet, desiring to create works of imperishable art, follows, in the next world, where his desires lead. He becomes what he performs; he becomes himself a work of art, an artificial singing-bird of gold.⁴ That is his reward; but he is not released: he is not delivered 'from the crime of death and birth',⁵ and will be reborn.

This dilemma in which the doctrines of the Upanishads place the artist was much in Yeats's mind in the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties. The artist must immerse himself in the physical world and in the passions and sins of the heart: those are his raw materials, and his dominant desire is to make art out of them. But by that very immersion and desire he prevents the ascent of his own soul. In the poem 'The Choice' Yeats writes:

The intellect of man is forced to choose
Perfection of the life, or of the work,

¹ Brihadāraṇyaka, iv. 4. 6–7; Müller, xv. 176–7.

² *Coll. Poems*, ed. cit., p. 228.

³ Brihadāraṇyaka, iv. 4. 5; Hume, op. cit., p. 140. Hume's brackets and variant. I quote this translation because it puts the point more clearly than Müller's. Shree Purohit and Yeats are more epigrammatic: 'He wills according to his desire; he acts according to his will; he reaps what he sows. . . . Self goes where man's mind goes. Whatever his actions in this world, he enjoys their reward in the next; that over, he returns for action's sake.' Op. cit., p. 154.

⁴ That the singing-bird is described as in Byzantium, not in the next world, is no difficulty: the soul creates not only its own form but the world in which it exists, and Yeats wished that he could spend a month in ancient Byzantium. See *A Vision*, p. 279. For a different but not contradictory view, see Ellmann, op. cit., p. 274.

⁵ Yeats, *Coll. Poems*, p. 265.

And if it take the second must refuse
A heavenly mansion, raging in the dark. . . .¹

The Mundaka Upanishad (i. 2. 8-10) says of those who choose to perfect their work:

Manifoldly living in ignorance,
They think to themselves, childishly: 'We have accomplished our aim!'
Since doers of deeds (*karmin*) do not understand, because of passion (*rāga*),
Therefore, when their worlds are exhausted, they sink down wretched.
Thinking sacrifice and merit is the chiefest thing,
Nought better do they know—deluded!
Having had enjoyment on the top of the heaven won by good works,
They re-enter this world, or a lower.²

Those who choose to 'perfect the life' by purging the soul of all desires 'depart passionless through the door of the sun to where is that immortal Person, e'en the imperishable Spirit'.³

Yeats discusses the dilemma again in 'A Dialogue of Self and Soul'; and in 'Vaccillation', section iii, he states the position and his conclusion with epigrammatic brevity:

The Soul. Seek out reality, leave things that seem.
The Heart. What, be a singer born and lack a theme?
The Soul. Isaiah's coal, what more can man desire?
The Heart. Struck dumb in the simplicity of fire!
The Soul. Look on that fire, salvation walks within.
The Heart. What theme had Homer but original sin?⁴

When the Upanishads discourse on the progress of the soul after death they make great use of the symbols of moon and sun. That Yeats was familiar with this symbolism is certain. In the poem 'All Souls' Night' he says of Florence Emery:

much had she ravelled out
From a discourse in figurative speech
By some learned Indian
On the soul's journey. How it is whirled about,
Wherever the orbit of the moon can reach,
Until it plunge into the sun;

¹ *Coll. Poems*, p. 278.

² Hume, op. cit., p. 369. I quote this translation because it brings out better than Müller's the fact that the work is accomplished.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Coll. Poems*, p. 285. Isaiah's lips were touched by the burning coal so that he might safely see God—that immortal Person—and that he might be fitted for his prophetic task of enlightenment, not that he might be inspired to poetry. See Isaiah vi. 1-7. Cf. also Daniel iii, and 'God's holy fire' (*Coll. Poems*, p. 217). 'A Dialogue of Self and Soul' similarly decides on 'a choice of rebirth rather than deliverance from birth'. See Jeffares, op. cit., p. 251; Ellmann, op. cit., p. 262.

And there, free and yet fast,
Being both Chance and Choice,
Forget its broken toys
And sink into its own delight at last.¹

There are many passages in the Upanishads that could be quoted in illustration of these lines. I cite some of the clearest. In the Kaushitaki Upanishad, i. 2, we read:

All who depart from this world (or this body) go to the moon. In the former, (the bright) half, the moon delights in their spirits; in the other, (the dark) half, the moon sends them on to be born again. Verily, the moon is the door of the Svarga world (the heavenly world). Now, if a man objects to the moon (if one is not satisfied with life there) the moon sets him free. But if a man does not object, then the moon sends him down as rain upon this earth. And . . . according to his knowledge he is born again here as a worm, or as an insect, or as a fish, or as a bird. . . .²

This notion of the moon as the place at which the 'unreleased' soul halts on its upward journey, and from which it returns again and again to be reborn on earth, may have been one of the thoughts in Yeats's mind when he wrote, in 'Byzantium', that the poet's soul, re-embodied as a golden bird, can

by the moon embittered, scorn aloud
In glory of changeless metal
Common bird or petal
And all complexities of mire and blood.³

The appearance of the moon here is commonly taken as a reference to Yeats's theory of the phases of the moon; but the poet's soul might well be embittered by the fact that, desiring 'perfection of the work', it is perpetually denied further advance at the testing-place of the moon, and is so led to scorn the natural things that do not aim at perfection.

Souls that pass beyond the moon enter the sun, 'for the sun is the door of the world (of Brahman).'⁴ The necessary condition that the soul must satisfy before it can enjoy the highest state of being is that it should realize the identity of itself and the ultimate Brahman. The Taittiriyaka Upanishad (iii. 10. 4-5) makes this clear:

He who is this (Brahman) in man, and he who is that (Brahman) in the sun, both are one. He who knows this . . . enters and takes possession of these worlds.⁵

¹ *Coll. Poems*, p. 258.

² Müller, i. 273-4. Müller's note is interesting and deserves the attention of students of *A Vision*. See pp. 271-3. Cf. also *Brihadâranyaka*, vi. 2. 15-16, Müller, xv. 208-9.

³ *Coll. Poems*, p. 281. For the 'cocks of Hades' in this stanza as a symbol of rebirth, see Ellmann, op. cit., p. 274.

⁴ *Khândogya Upanishad*, viii. 6. 5, Müller, i. 134. Cf. also *ibid.* viii. 6. 3-5, Müller, i. 133; *Brihadâranyaka*, vi. 2. 14-15, Müller, xv. 208.

⁵ Müller, xv. 68.

With that realization of unity, the soul 'sinks into its own delight', or, as the *Katha Upanishad* puts it (ii. 5. 12-13):

The wise who perceive him in their Self, to them belongs eternal happiness.... There is one eternal thinker . . . who, though one, fulfils the desires of many. The wise who perceive him within their Self, to them belongs eternal peace, not to others.¹

The doctrine of unity is summed up by the *Maitrâyana-Brâhmaṇa Upanishad* (vi. 34) in a quatrain that uses several Yeatsian images:

The gold-coloured bird abides in the heart, and in the sun—a diver-bird, a swan, strong in splendour; him we worship in the fire.²

Although in some passages of the Upanishads the unreleased soul is described as going to the moon and returning, in other passages it is said to go into darkness. So the *Brihadâraṇyaka*, in the chapter that contains the image of the goldsmith quoted above, says:

All who worship what is not knowledge enter into blind darkness: those who delight in knowledge, enter, as it were, into greater darkness. There are indeed those unblest worlds, covered with blind darkness. Men who are ignorant and not enlightened go after death to those worlds.³

In view of this doctrine, that pursuit of knowledge lower than the highest knowledge leads to a darkness even greater than that which awaits the ignorant, it is understandable that Yeats should have spoken of the soul that chooses perfection of the work as 'raging in the dark', and that his imagination should have pictured the Byzantium of the golden bird as being in the darkness of midnight.

In a well-known passage of 'The Tower' Yeats 'declares his faith':

Death and life were not
Till man made up the whole,
Made lock, stock and barrel
Out of his bitter soul,
Aye, sun and moon and star, all,
And further add to that
That, being dead, we rise,

¹ Müller, xv. 19-20.

² Müller, xv. 332. Hume's version even has something of Yeats's own accent:

Who is the bird of golden hue,
Who dwells in both the heart and sun,
Swan, diver-bird, surpassing bright—
Him let us worship in this fire! (Op. cit., p. 446.)

Cf. Yeats: Some moralist or mythological poet

Compares the solitary soul to a swan . . . (*Coll. Poems*, p. 234.)

See also Jeffares, op. cit., pp. 222 sqq.; Ellmann, op. cit., p. 258.

³ Müller, xv. 177-8. See also *Vâgasaneyi-Samhitâ*, 9, Müller, i. 312. The knowledge here spoken of is, apparently, the lower knowledge of those who have not arrived at a knowledge of the true self. See Müller, i. 311.

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Dream and so create
 Translunar Paradise.
 I have prepared my peace
 With learned Italian things
 And the proud stones of Greece,
 Poet's imaginings
 And memories of love,
 Memories of the words of women,
 All those things whereof
 Man makes a superhuman
 Mirror-resembling dream.¹

For every point of this Upanishadic authority can be quoted. That death and life are illusions is a frequently repeated doctrine. The most famous enunciation of it is perhaps that in the *Katha* Upanishad, i. 2. 18-19,² which is paraphrased in the first stanza of Emerson's 'Brahma'. The soul of a dreaming person is, says the *Brihadāraṇyaka* Upanishad, on the borders of this world and the other world, and dreams are the creations of the free soul:

And when he falls asleep, then after having taken away with him the material from the whole world, destroying³ and building it up again, he sleeps (dreams) by his own light. . . . There are no (real) chariots in that state, no horses, no roads, but he himself sends forth (creates) chariots, horses and roads.⁴ There are no blessings there, no happiness, no joys, but he himself sends forth (creates) blessings, happiness, and joys . . . he is indeed the maker. On this there are these verses:

After having subdued by sleep all that belongs to the body, he, not asleep himself, looks down upon the sleeping (senses). Having assumed light, he goes again to his place, the golden person, the lonely bird.

Guarding with the breath (*prāṇa*, life) the lower nest, the immortal moves away from the nest; that immortal one goes wherever he likes, the golden person, the lonely bird.⁵

Going up and down in his dream, the god makes manifold shapes for himself, either rejoicing together with women, or laughing (with his friends), or seeing terrible sights.⁶

After death, the soul that passes the moon and enters the translunar paradise of the sun similarly creates its own world out of what it chooses

¹ *Coll. Poems*, pp. 223-4.

² Müller, xv. 10-11.

³ 'Dividing and separating the material, i.e. the impressions received from this world.'
 Müller's note.

⁴ Yeats quotes this sentence, apparently from memory, in *A Vision*, 1937, p. 220.

⁵ Compare the images of the birds and the nest in the lines of 'The Tower' immediately following those quoted above.

⁶ Müller, xv. 164-5.

to select of its experiences in this world. The *Khândogya Upanishad* (viii. 12. 3), discussing this state, repeats what the *Bṛihadāraṇyaka* says of the dreaming soul:

Thus does that serene being, arising from this body, appear in its own form, as soon as it has approached the highest light (the knowledge of Self).¹ He (in that state) is the highest person. He moves about there laughing (or eating), playing, and rejoicing (in his mind), be it with women, carriages, or relatives, never minding that body into which he was born.²

Yeats was therefore justified in supposing that in his translunar paradise he could create about him a dream-world of the Italian Renaissance, Greece, poetry, and women.

The passages commented on in this note show that the Upanishads contributed not insignificantly to Yeats's stock of ideas and images. This does not pretend to be an exhaustive account, and in particular it leaves untouched for more expert inquiry the question of how far the 'Communicators' of the system Yeats expounded in *A Vision* were elaborating on Upanishadic material.

A. DAVENPORT

¹ 'the highest light . . . is the sun of summer'. Müller's note.
² Müller, i. 141.

REVIEWS

The Early Cultures of North-West Europe (H. M. Chadwick Memorial Studies). Edited by SIR CYRIL FOX and BRUCE DICKINS. Pp. xvi+442. Cambridge: University Press, 1950. £3. 3s. net.

This volume does twofold honour to the memory of H. M. Chadwick: it presents a valuable set of contributions to the studies in which he was himself outstanding, and the extraordinary range and high quality of the essays, all by pupils of his, are the finest kind of tribute to his achievement as a teacher. The papers 'cover practically all the subjects in which Professor Chadwick was himself interested'. This means that they begin with long barrows, and treat of early Celtic and Norse as well as of Anglo-Saxon and place-names. Obviously only a little of this vast field can be noticed, and that inadequately; and in this journal it seems appropriate to limit attention to some representative papers on specifically English themes. Here, indeed, the collection falls a little short of completely covering Professor Chadwick's interests, for there is no essay on a purely philological subject such as he treated with originality and distinction in *Studies in Old English*.

Mr. Hunter Blair's examination of the historical memoranda in the Moore manuscript convincingly shows that discrepancies in three of the nine dates are insufficient to cast doubt upon the exactness of the year 737, recognized ever since Wanley's day as the probable date of the whole manuscript. This view imputes only one actual error to the compiler; but it implies the important conclusion that *pugna Ecgfridi ante annos lxiii*, usually thought to mean Nechtansmere, must rather be Ecgfrith's campaign against Wulfhere, recorded by Eddius, and that this must be placed in 674.

The most challenging of the papers on Old English is probably Miss Whitelock's new interpretation of *The Seafarer*. Insisting on the essential unity of the poem, she holds that the passage which many scholars have thought incompatible with the opening theme is in fact the key to the whole meaning—line 64: '(my thoughts are now roaming beyond the confines of my breast) . . . because dearer to me are the joys of the Lord than this dead life . . .'. The poem then becomes a coherent statement by a Christian *peregrinus* going into voluntary exile. Miss Whitelock argues her thesis most persuasively, citing many apt examples of men who did for *Godes husan on elpeodignesse lifian*. Yet misgivings remain. The opening lines of the poem suggest, surely, a recurrence and duration of suffering at sea—*hu ic earmearig iscealnde sæ winter wunade*—such as an exile need not have experienced. Is it enough to say that 'he cannot reach the land of foreigners except across the sea, and when we remember the conditions of early voyaging we need not wonder that this part of his journey should occupy so much of his thought'? We may accept the mingling of Christian and heroic motives as original, and yet doubt so precise an attribution. Miss Whitelock suggests elsewhere [*Trans. R. Hist. Soc.*, 4th ser., xxxi (1949), 82] that she has views upon *The Wanderer* also, and we could wish that she had glanced at it here; for the two poems are much alike, and the Wanderer's exile is evidently not voluntary.

Mr. Bromwich, arguing mainly from parallel passages, makes a good case for Alfred as translator of the prose part of the Paris Psalter. Such stylistic comparison will make different impressions on different minds, but Mr. Bromwich is conscious of the safeguards which the method demands, and his judiciously restrained treatment overcomes most, if not all, of our doubts. A noteworthy product of his survey is the discovery that Alfred's generally recognized works share no marked features of style with the translation of Bede—a matter which may be of greater significance than Anglian forms in manuscripts.

In her modestly titled '*Chipping and Market*: a lexicographical investigation' Miss Harmer skilfully interprets ostensibly pre-Conquest documents so as to clarify not only the precise senses of several important trading terms, but also their whole administrative context. She notes two hitherto undetected compounds, *seamtoll* and *ceaptoll*; and demonstrates that, though there is no sound evidence for the simple word *market* in pre-Conquest English, the compound *gearmarket* probably did exist. To ask for more is unreasonable; but a fuller note on the form of the word *market* itself would have been welcome. Miss Harmer observes that Holthausen (*Altenglisches Etymologisches Wörterbuch*, 1934) and Bosworth-Toller derive it from Latin *mercatus*, against *O.E.D.*'s derivation through French. It may be added that Holthausen in his *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der englischen Sprache* (3rd ed., 1949) now follows *O.E.D.* But if it is an Old French word it seems unique in having escaped replacement by a later doublet without final *-t*, and the occurrence of essentially the same form in most other Germanic languages suggests rather transmission through Germanic.

There is room for no more than a bare mention of the other papers headed 'Anglo-Saxon': a sensitive essay by Miss Young on 'Ungloomy Aspects of Anglo-Saxon Poetry'; a learned and precise account by Mr. Colgrave of post-Bedan miracle legends of St. Cuthbert; Professor Dickins's authoritative statement of the relation between Cambridge University Library MS. Ii 2. 11 and the preliminary matter of the Exeter Book; and Mr. Wright's excellently documented description of Sir Edward Dering's collections of pre-Conquest charters. Many significant points of Fenland history emerge from Dr. Schram's illuminating discussion of the place-names of the area.

In the archaeological section, Mrs. Martin-Clarke's article on the Sutton Hoo 'standard' suggests that it preserves elements of a pagan sun-cult represented also by the figure of a stag, associated with latticed sun-disks, lately excavated at a Bronze Age site in Anatolia. Certainly the Anatolian and the East Anglian stags are strikingly alike; but the two forms of grille are so different that identity of origin is hard to accept. Have we yet, indeed, enough evidence even to 'conclude that the iron stand is a military banner like that of the Romans'? It seems too inconspicuous—scarcely taller than a man, and the figurine only three inches high.

The editors and contributors deserve warm congratulations on this admirable book; and the publishers no less, for it is accurately printed and beautifully produced.

NORMAN DAVIS

Middle English Occupational Terms. By BERTIL THURESSON. Pp. 285 (Lund Studies in English, XIX). Lund: Gleerup; Copenhagen: Munksgaard, 1950. Sw. Kr. 14.00.

Mr. Thuresson's monograph is in a tradition of linguistic investigation in which Swedish scholars have taken a predominant part: the exploration of English lexicographical material in sources supplementary to those used by the compilers of *O.E.D.* It is intended 'to give a systematic treatment—within the terms indicated below—of Middle English occupational terms that have not been dealt with by Fransson'.¹ That is to say that the author draws on a range of sources more extensive both historically and geographically; is concerned with terms denoting other occupations than those of artisans and dealers, and to some extent includes occupational terms not used as surnames. To justify such an investigation we need say no more than that it has produced 271 words (compounded and un compounded) not found in *O.E.D.*, and 387 words which are antedated, sometimes by several hundred years. In addition there are some new etymological suggestions, a phonological analysis of the material, and notes on the geographical distribution of certain words.

For the patient and informed scholarship which produced these results all students of Middle English will be grateful. Some, however, may wish that a title had been found which indicated more clearly the limitations of the treatment. The study seems to have been conceived chiefly as a supplement to the material of *O.E.D.* and Fransson, and this bias, in itself perfectly justified, should be indicated. The social historian, for instance, who might wish to reconstruct from occupational terms the pattern by which medieval England earned its livelihood, would find only a fraction of his material in this book. The student of Middle English language and literature will join him in regretting that the resources of general literature have not been used at all; *Piers Plowman* alone furnishes a dozen or more occupational terms not in Fransson's work or in the work under review. This material has, of course, been fairly exhaustively recorded in *O.E.D.*, but occupational terms as such have nowhere been collected and classified.

There are other limitations in the treatment. Mr. Thuresson remarks that 'It was of course impossible to go through sources from the whole of England, so I had to limit myself to certain counties' (p. 25). Fourteen counties were chosen, and occasional use is made of records from elsewhere. Again, this selectiveness is defensible; but it is not what the title leads us to expect.

The substance of the book is characterized by painstaking accuracy and a scholarly freedom from dogmatism, particularly in the treacherous field of etymological speculation. A few comments may be made on points of detail:

p. 31, s.v. *Tiller*, classed as a derivative of OE. *tilian*, Mr. Thuresson adds: 'The forms *Tyl(l)er(e)*, *Tiller(e)*, may possibly also belong to *Tiler* "tile-layer, tile-maker", although such spellings of this word are recorded in NED only from the 15th c.'

Smoothing of the vowel in the noun *Tile* (OE. *tizule*, *tizele*), however, is evidenced already in a.1300 by the spelling *tyle* (*O.E.D.* s.v. *Tile*, sb.).¹

¹ p. 23. The work referred to is Gustav Fransson's *Middle English Surnames of Occupation* (Lund Studies in English, III, 1935).

p. 34, s.v. *Hackere*. The consistent use of plosive -k- in southern forms of this word is strongly in favour of its being a derivative of the sb. ME. *hak* rather than of the vb. OE. **haccian* (in *to-haccian*).

pp. 42-3, s.v. *Gardiner*. A form *Garthener* is quoted from Lincolnshire only (s.a. 1364), and Mr. Thuresson notes that the same spelling occurs in the Towneley Mysteries. He could have adduced a Yorkshire instance of the spelling, *Register of the Freemen of the City of York*, vol. i (Surtees Society, 1897), p. 46 (s.a. 1351).

p. 131, s.v. *Man*. In a note Mr. Thuresson says: 'I have found no instance of a cpd of pers. n.+man preceded by the article. The permanent absence of the article seems to be a criterion of this category.'

The criterion is, however, only negative: the presence of an article shows that the first element is not a pers. n.; its absence is indecisive. It is not justifiable to conclude (pp. 131-2) that the first element in *Pykman*, *Pikeman*, found often and consistently without an article, is necessarily a pers. n.

p. 225, s.v. *Kissere*. Mr. Thuresson considers it less likely that this is a derivative of OE. *cyssan* than that it is a trade-name, '*Maker of armour for the thighs*'. In this sense the word does not occur in *O.E.D.* All recorded spellings of its supposed source (*O.E.D. Cuisse, Cuish*) indicate a pronunciation with initial [kwi-], tending, if it changes at all, to [ku-], [ku-]. Mr. Thuresson's interpretation should therefore be qualified by the acknowledgement that it involves a development in pronunciation of which we have no other evidence.

The suffix -ster is in several etymologies treated as a means of forming feminine nouns of agency. It should be borne in mind that already in early northern Middle English this suffix was used indifferently with -er to form agent-nouns, irrespective of gender (*O.E.D. -ster*), though in the south the distinction was generally maintained. This qualification is relevant particularly to the entries *Milkester* (p. 114), *Demester* (p. 142), *Aleberster* (p. 202), *Broudester* (p. 214), of which there are northern or north Midland examples.

The section on 'Phonology' is on strictly traditional lines. Mr. Thuresson in general wisely refrains from giving statistics of variant forms: the material is not sufficiently representative for such statistics to be significant. Many of the sources used have the advantage of being precisely dated and localized, but we can rarely guarantee that the scribe is a local man, trained in local orthographic methods, and spelling roughly as he hears (or speaks?). Phonological study of them can therefore illustrate theories formulated on other evidence, but is no basis for fresh theory. Mr. Thuresson does not attempt to make it so. There is an error in the omission of an asterisk from the form *siellan*, p. 245, § 4, note. The process by which LWS. developed *syllan* from *sellan* is hypothetical. In support of the view he takes, Mr. Thuresson refers to Bülbring and Luick. Bülbring, § 304, says the development was 'wahrscheinlich über *siel*->-*sigl*-' and does not mention **siellan*; nor does Luick, § 282, though he allows of no other hypothesis to explain the development. **siellan* is not in the original volume or the supplement of Bosworth-Toller. It is conceivable that the development from e to y was direct (the converse of Kentish lowering and unrounding, but in a restricted phonetic context),¹ and Bülbring's 'wahrscheinlich' perhaps allows for this

¹ Cf. OE. *sylic* and *sylf* (both common in late West Saxon) where the y could not possibly be explained from an earlier ie; and ME. *suggen* for OE. *secgan*, occurring only

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possibility. Omission of an asterisk is a minor slip, but it may create a misleading ghost.

The lack of precisely localized material has long been a barrier to the study of the distribution of dialect words in Middle English. Mr. Thuresson's work contributes substantially to the destruction of that barrier: the extent of the progress is clear from his 'Note on the Geographical Distribution of the Words' (pp. 273-5). This section is already valuable and interesting; its full significance will be realized when local records from the whole country have been searched with the same diligence as has gone to the making of the work under review.

B. M. H. CARR

The Arcadian Rhetorike. By ABRAHAM FRAUNCE. Edited from the edition of 1588 by ETHEL SEATON. Pp. lvi+136 (Luttrell Society Reprints 9). Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1950. 30s. net.

This work will be warmly welcomed by all interested in literary activities at the Renaissance. Nowadays it is no longer necessary to urge the importance of the part played by rhetorical studies in the creative works of sixteenth-century England. In the poetry as well as in the prose writings of the time their influence is plainly visible; and in making available this interesting, but hitherto inaccessible, short treatise Miss Seaton has rendered valuable service to English literary history.

The editorial work has been performed throughout in thorough and scholarly fashion. The text as represented is based not only on what was long regarded as the only version extant, that is, the Bodleian copy. The recent fortunate discovery of a second copy in the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge, has also been taken into account; and as both copies evidently belong to the same original edition, the Cambridge copy supplying a sheet missing from the Bodleian, what is here provided is a sound and reliable text. Apart from this, the two versions have been carefully collated; a table of references to the illustrative quotations in which the treatise abounds is also supplied; and not least valuable is the analysis of the text itself designed to help readers through the mazes of paralipsis, anadiplosis, and the rest.

But Miss Seaton has done something more than this. In an admirable Introduction she has brought out the significance and value of the work; and, full of new and interesting matter as the Introduction is, a brief Index at the end of the work (it is suggested) would have been of added service to future readers. At the same time the Introduction makes plain the value of the *Rhetorike* as a textbook for contemporaries and as an anthology illustrating the wide reading of Elizabethans; while fresh light is thrown not only on the varied literary activities of the time, but also on more than one of the less-known, though not unimportant, writers belonging to the period.

in three probably western MSS., namely Cotton Caligula A ix (the *Brut*), Harley 2253 (the Harley Lyrics, Leominster), and the Cambridge MS. of *King Horn*. I owe the suggestion of this possibility to Professor C. L. Wrenn.

From other contemporary Rhetorics Miss Seaton has distinguished the *Rhetoriſe* as being modelled on the *Rhetorica* (1544) of Talaeus, the friend of Ramus, whose efforts were largely directed towards modifying and simplifying the medieval tradition with its endless complications and hair-splitting divisions and subdivisions. And Fraunce's work, unlike those of Cox and Sherry, is shown to have shared in that movement; though Wilson, it might be added, had previously, and in his own way, broken away from the medieval tradition. Besides, attention is here called to the importance of the Ramist influence at this date, as seen for instance in Gabriel Harvey's *Ciceronianus*, or again, in the hostility of anti-Ramists such as Ascham and others. Moreover, Fraunce's connexion with the Sidney family, the patronage first of Sidney himself and then of the Countess of Pembroke, is also indicated.

Illuminating too is the commentary on the collection of quotations embodied in the work. Fraunce is shown to have borrowed (partly with the help of Talaeus and others) from a wide field, from the ancients, from Italian, French, and Spanish literatures, and most of all, from native sources, many of which had not as yet been printed. Among the authors quoted the most notable perhaps are the moderns, such as Du Bartas in French, Boscan and Garcilasso in Spanish, while the English passages are taken from Sidney (most of all), though occasional references are made to Richard Willey (or Willis) and even to *Piers Plowman*. It is further noted that whereas Fraunce drew mainly on the *Old Arcadia* for his quotations, his acquaintance with the *New Arcadia* is also evident.

To some readers, however, not the least valuable section of the Introduction will be that relating to the personality of a writer who has hitherto more or less escaped notice in literary history. That Richard Willey (or Willis) was a writer on contemporary travel, that already in 1573 he had produced his *Poematum Liber* which included much information on figure-poems as well as an old-fashioned *Disputatio* representing the earliest of Elizabethan Apologies of poetry —this much was known of this elusive personality. His mention in the *Rhetoriſe* suggests that he was a man of some note at the time; and Miss Seaton's discussion of his career is a useful addition to our knowledge of his place in literary history.

In general, therefore, this edition must be described as a valuable piece of research which helps to fill a gap in our knowledge of the period; while the format and get-up of the work leaves little to be desired. To the present writer it has afforded some pleasant reading, and has given rise to the hope that a like illuminating treatment in the future might be given by the Luttrell Society to Willis's *De re poetica disputatio*.

J. W. H. ATKINS

Marlowe's Doctor Faustus 1604-1616. Parallel Texts edited by W. W. GREG.

Pp. xiv+408. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1950. 42s. net.

The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus by Christopher Marlowe. A Conjectural Reconstruction. By W. W. GREG.

Pp. x+66. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1950. 7s. 6d. net.

Sir Walter Greg's two volumes constitute the most extensive and significant act of scholarship that *Doctor Faustus* has yet provoked. He demonstrates, quite

conclusively, that the A-text, preserved in the editions of 1604, 1609, and 1611, is a memorial reconstruction adapted to the needs of a touring company and to the taste of uncritical provincial audiences. The customary 'bad' quarto texts are applied with compelling effect, and Sir Walter is able to show that the use of a bare stage was responsible for considerable simplification of Marlowe's elaborate tragedy. The B-text is shown, with equal probability, to rest upon a mutilated set of 'foul papers' supplemented, where necessary, from the 1611 edition of A. Since this dependence on A₃, for which Sir Walter furnishes conclusive proof, is fairly extensive, it follows that the source of supplementation must have been a fragmentary one, so that there can be no question of the compiler of B having had access to a prompt-copy. Any speculation regarding a lost manuscript is, of course, hazardous, but Sir Walter's analysis seems to me to rest securely on positive evidence and inductive probability and to rule out such alternative theories as knowledge holds or the imagination may conceive. There remains, at any rate, no reason for chasing the shadows thrown by the 1602 additions or by the familiar ghost of a stenographic reporter.

Sir Walter, as he would certainly admit, is most vulnerable in his handling of the composition of the play, which he regards as the product of original collaboration between Marlowe and, probably, Samuel Rowley. Since it is generally admitted that a substantial part of *Doctor Faustus* is not Marlowe's, Sir Walter's case is a sufficiently plausible one, but I am not convinced that it supersedes the view, to which I have elsewhere subscribed, that the play was completed, by Rowley and, perhaps, others, after Marlowe's death. Sir Walter's theory appears to rest on the assumption that B's version of the appearance of Helen before the Scholars implies prompt-book revision for which Marlowe was responsible, and this, if correct, is enough to substantiate his whole argument. The passage in question is a difficult one, but I doubt whether its variation can justly be laid to Marlowe's account. It furnishes two lines:

Was this faire *Hellen*, whose admired worth
Made *Greece* with ten yeares warres afflict poore *Troy*?

which A, representing, in Sir Walter's view, prompt-book revision, omits—but are they Marlowe's? We normally let them pass as his because they are reminiscent of Faustus's great apostrophe, the very force of which could, and I think did, provoke imitation, for these two lines are not beyond the scope of a Rowley. And the significant detail, which Sir Walter strangely ignores, is that the context requires 'Is', not 'Was', at the beginning of the first line, since the present tense prevails throughout this short episode. If 'Was' signifies anything, it is surely that some botcher was eking out the scene with an inept reminiscence of

Was this the face that launcht a thousand ships,
And burnt the toplesse Towers of *Ilium*?

If Sir Walter is right, the original play, which B preserves more or less satisfactorily, must have been the product of systematic collaboration. His distribution of Marlovian and alien parts falls into a credible pattern as a whole, but certain awkward details emerge. Sir Walter gives the pageant of the Seven

Deadly Sins to Rowley on the grounds that 'the few lines introducing and following the pageant are the work of a collaborator'. But the pageant itself effects a quite considerable transmutation of scraps and hints furnished by the *English Faust-Book* and seems to me to fall within Marlowe's scope rather than Rowley's. Elsewhere, in sections which are undeniably alien, there are stray fragments that have the Marlowe ring, and at least two of them (B 1103-5 and B 1988-92) might be claimed for Marlowe on internal grounds. Sir Walter's explanation, that the collaborator occasionally aped Marlowe's style, is admissible, but must not be trusted over-far, for the alien sections as a whole point to a hack whose capabilities fell short of even third-rate Tamburlainian huff-snuff.

The available evidence is admittedly slight and ambiguous, but it seems to me that the foul papers could quite well have been the remnants of Rowley's attempt to give shape to Marlowe's posthumous fragments. The assumption that Marlowe left a carefully composed beginning and end, but only a spasmodic sketch of his middle section, is not necessarily a difficult one, since any dramatist working on such a disorderly source as the *Faust-Book* would be liable to defer treatment of those unrelated trivialities which fill the twenty-four years separating the damnation and the signing of the original compact. And it is surely significant that those medial passages which bear the Marlowe stamp are selective in the sense that they handle the less trumpery of the incidents which the *Faust-Book* presents.

Among these passages, that which concerns Faustus's journey to Rome (B 803-47) seems particularly relevant to the present discussion. This, though unquestionably Marlowe's, is, as Sir Walter rightly says, the worst-written section of the play, but his explanation, that it is the work of 'an uninspired Marlowe carelessly versifying guide-book matter from his source and apparently sometimes interrupted by his collaborator', is not very convincing. *Tamburlaine*, in which even a map is versified, surely goes to prove that just such guide-book matter was normally a spur to Marlowe's imagination rather than a bridle. This section I take to represent a first draft for whose incompleteness and incoherence the *English Faust-Book* was mainly responsible. Its stilted battens of blank verse are suggestive of the initial stages of composition, and I doubt whether collaborate activity or subsequent tampering by Rowley would account for the precise form in which the quartos present them, but such distinctions as can be drawn are necessarily subtle ones. Nevertheless, I am reluctant to believe that this section preserves either the author's fair copy or a revised prompt-book.

The small concomitant volume practises what its bulkier companion preaches in offering a conjectural reconstruction of the play. Sir Walter's synthesis is wholly admirable and wholly convincing, and must certainly approximate more closely to Marlowe's original plan than do either of the quarto versions. It is very much to be hoped that it will win the acceptance which it merits. It is eminently suitable for school use, though its lack of annotation may be a handicap, and, except at the higher levels, it should prove more than adequate for general university requirements. Its strongest claim, however, is upon the theatres, and one hopes that it will serve as the basis of future productions, for, whatever academic quibbles Sir Walter Greg's handling of minutiae may provoke, the

text which he offers illuminates former obscurities and suggests new and exciting dramatic possibilities. It is pleasing to reflect that this great scholar, in his maturity, has been able to restore to one of the great classics of tragic literature so many of its vital juices.

J. M. NOSWORTHY

Macbeth. Edited by KENNETH MUIR. Pp. lxxiv+196. (The Arden Shakespeare [new and revised edition]. General Editor: UNA ELLIS-FERMOR). London: Methuen, 1951. 12s. 6d. net.

The Arden Shakespeare, with its apparatus of notes, textual, glossarial, and exegetic, all conveniently placed at the foot of the page, is in many ways the handiest edition, both for the class-room and the general reader. But all its volumes were published between 1899 and 1924, most of them I think before 1914, so that it virtually antedates the textual and critical revolutions of the past thirty years. Moreover, the volumes themselves, being entrusted to a variety of editors, inevitably reached standards of varying excellence. The edition in short badly needed revision. By their courage in undertaking the task now, despite the difficulties of the time, Professor Ellis-Fermor and the publishers have earned the gratitude of us all; of none more than an editor for another publisher, who having rashly committed himself in 1919 to edit the complete works has been growing increasingly conscious ever since of how much he stood in need of the help, stimulus, and criticism, which an independent edition with full editorial apparatus could alone supply. In Professor Muir's volume he finds plenty of all these, as will be evident when a second edition of his own *Macbeth* is called for. And he anticipates plenty more from the other ardent spirits whom, he rejoices to hear, the General Editor has already 'straining upon the start'.

The new Arden *Macbeth* gives an excellent lead in many ways to the new series. Its notes, for example, eschewing extraneous matter, philological and other, with which nineteenth- and early twentieth-century editors, including some of the old Arden team, burdened their commentary (to say nothing of the minds of examinees), are generally to the point, and often shed fresh light upon passages supposed obvious as well as upon those admittedly perplexed. The Introduction, again, has something fresh and interesting, if not always convincing to me, to say under each of its first four headings: Text, Date, Interpolations, and Sources. But it is the last section which to my thinking contains the most valuable pages of the book. Here, where the editor brilliantly summarizes the post-Bradleyan criticism of the play and gives us his own appreciation, he is at his best, and writes from a full mind. But an editor has other duties besides dramatic criticism, however brilliant, or even commentary, however illuminating; duties more fundamental, if also more humdrum. And if I now concentrate upon these, I do so in the hope of finding something to say which may be of use to him in his second edition as what he has said will assuredly be to me in mine.

First, then, the utility of the notes is seriously diminished by an inaccuracy, which, while mainly affecting the references to the text, is by no means confined

to those, and extends throughout the volume. I suspect the root of the trouble is to be found in the words 'based on the edition of Henry Cunningham', which stand on the title-page. It looks, in fact, as if the notes were first drafted upon Cunningham's text, Cunningham's text was later revised, and the new notes were then never properly brought into line with the new text. Moreover, a collation of Muir's first two acts with those in Cunningham on the one hand, and in the Folio on the other, raises a further suspicion, that the revised text sent to the printer was simply Cunningham's with pen-and-ink alterations. Such a procedure may have been inevitable under the circumstances of publication. But if so, it was none the less dangerous, and one to be avoided, if at all possible, in later volumes of the series. These surmises may not be wholly correct. But some dependence upon Cunningham in text or notes or both seems proved, not only by the scores of incorrect references, but by the following points in the notes: Cunningham's 'support of Hanmer's emendation' is spoken of at II. ii. 32 but we are not told what the emendation is; similarly, what 'Clarendon's conjecture' may be at v. iv. 11 can only be discovered by turning to Cunningham; a note on v. iv. 6 refers us to 'v. i. 53', which remains a mystery until we find from Cunningham that '*King Lear*, v. i. 53' is the reference intended; and at II. iii. 81 we actually have a note upon the command 'Ring the bell', which appears in Cunningham's text, but not in Muir's. In a word, it is often impossible to understand the new Arden without consulting the old, while the dependence of the one upon the other is probably the cause of other obscurities and confusions, such as those we encounter in the very muddled note on I. i. 9-11, if that indeed be the reference intended. Not that the influence of Cunningham will explain everything; some of the inaccuracy can only be ascribed to sheer editorial carelessness. No one knows better than I how easy it is to make slips. But the quantity of error that defaces the new Arden *Macbeth* is difficult to excuse. Yet most of it is easily corrected and should have been by the proof-reader.

Professor Muir claims that his text is 'closer to that of the First Folio than any since the seventeenth century' (p. xv). The substantive text should, of course, always be followed, unless there appear strong reasons for departing from it. On the other hand, too slavish an adherence to that text in the teeth of such reasons is mere obscurantism. Thus, in point of fact, the judgement of an editor must be held accountable for every word and every comma of the text he prints. I must admit that my confidence in the judgement of the present editor was rather shaken by his punctuation of the first line of the play. The Folio prints it together with the next as follows:

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. When shall we three meet againe?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?

Hanmer emended this in 1744 by deleting the first question-mark; and the change commended itself to Johnson and so far as I know to every subsequent editor. For, as Jennens pointed out a little later, what the Witch asks 'is not which of the three they should meet in, but when they should meet'; while the point of the second line clearly is that they always meet in storm—they do so again, be it

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noted, in I. iii and iv. i. Moreover, two question-marks seem to leave the Second Witch's rejoinder puzzling and inept. When Muir, therefore, restores the F query we expect something more than the brief comment 'Hanmer's emendation, though generally accepted, is superfluous'. And had he related the problem to what we know of F punctuation in general or even to a couple of examples a little farther on in the F *Macbeth*, viz. 'If ill?' and 'If good?' (I. iii. 132-4), he might have begun to suspect that what was superfluous here was the question-mark, and not Hanmer's deletion of it. Superfluous or incorrect interrogation marks are indeed of frequent occurrence in F texts.

In the same way a wider knowledge of the habits of compositors in other F texts, or even a little comparative study of the aberrations of the text he was editing, might have given him pause before restoring, as he seems proud to have done, a number of the F lineations. In this he is admittedly partly inspired by Flatter, without, of course, going to the length advocated by that writer, who actually asks, 'Why not stick to what the Folio says? Why not trust the compositors?'¹ The bulk of the lineation of the F *Macbeth* would indeed be impossible to defend, as Flatter himself must have discovered had he ever tried to edit the play. Editors, indeed, mostly in the eighteenth century, have rearranged some 185 lines, and Muir does not venture to restore the lineation of more than about 15 of these, in nearly all of which it would in my opinion have been safer to follow his predecessors. For, though he justifies himself on the plea that it is 'dangerous to offer any theory about mislineation', it is certain that the metrical irregularity of the F as a whole may in a large measure be set down to the compositors, chiefly because they were often forced, or found it convenient, to depart from the arrangement in their copy in order to fit their type into the line-frame of the double-columned page.

They were liable, for instance, to underestimate² the amount of copy required for a given 'forme', in which case they generally eked it out by breaking up the verse into shorter lengths towards the foot of a column. Several patches of F mislineation in the F *Macbeth* are to be explained in this way, as are not infrequently those in other F texts. Another problem set the compositors by the rigid framework of the F page was the occurrence in their copy of a line too long for the narrow width of the column. This often happened with the opening line of a speech, since room here had to be found both for a little indentation and for the name-prefix, in however abbreviated a form. A compositor who respected the metre might deal with such overlong lines either by setting up the word or words crowded out in a turnover, or simply by splitting the line into two more or less equal portions and setting up one above the other. The practice of compositors differed, but the second of these was the procedure usually followed.³ I count,

¹ *Shakespeare's Producing Hand*, p. 93. Flatter, it may be granted, scores one or two good points in *interpretation*, e.g. that which he gives for the F arrangement of I. iii. 127-42.

² They found it safer to err on this side since an overestimate might land them in serious difficulties.

³ In general only syllables or short words lent themselves to the 'turnover' method. For the explanation of this and split lines first pointed out, I believe, in an anonymous review (by Pollard) cited in my Introduction to the Folio Facsimile of *Antony and Cleopatra* (London, 1929), see R. B. McKerrow, *Prolegomena* (Oxford, 1939), pp. 47-9.

for example, twenty-five instances, all first lines with prefixes, in the F *Richard III*, a play I happen to be engaged upon at the moment. And, I may add, about six of these crop up in portions of that text which are known to have been printed from a copy of Q₃, so that no manuscript authority can be claimed for them.

For a compositor, on the other hand, who placed speed or his own convenience before strict adherence to his copy, a third way of treating overlongs was possible, i.e. he might ignore the metre and carry forward the excluded word or words so that they stood at the beginning of the next line of verse. This infamous trick is, I think, of rare occurrence in F, but it is one that the compositor or compositors responsible for *Macbeth* did not hesitate to adopt. Act II, Scene 2, for example, affords two flagrant illustrations. Here, the second line being too long for the column, the words 'Hearke, peace' are printed at the opening of the third, which, becoming thus too long in turn, overflows into the fourth, and so on, until in line 7 it is once again possible to return to the lining of the copy. And the lineation of lines 22-25 is upset in the same way and clearly for the same reason. 'Why not trust the compositors?' indeed! Professor Muir does not, of course, trust them in these two passages, but he does in a third which is bibliographically on all fours with the other two. Every editor since Capell has printed I. iii. 81-2 as

Macb. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

But F printed it thus:

Macb. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had stay'd.

Here 'melted', being crowded out, is carried forward into the following line, which becoming by this addition also overlong for the column is split in two at the period; an example which illustrates two out of the three procedures just described. Yet Professor Muir claims that l. 82 'is printed as two by F to indicate the significant pause after "wind"', and he himself prints 'melted' at the beginning of the line, as in F, on the ground that the passage is thus 'easier to speak'. He means, I take it, that a heavy accent (to denote wonder) is thrown on to the word by placing it in the initial position. Yet it is already strongly accented in F by the commas on either side, while the full stop after 'winde' is surely enough by itself to indicate the pause there required. He agrees that the full stop after 'end all' does so at I. vii. 5. There is indeed no reason whatever for the F irregularities except the monkeying of the compositor. As he admits elsewhere (p. 65), it is 'easy to fall into the error of finding subtleties in textual corruptions'; while to me, at any rate, his lineation seems more successful when he emends than when he restores.

Much more might be said on this matter; but enough, I hope, to have emphasized two things: (i) that it is dangerous to edit a play of Shakespeare's without reference to what went on in the printing-houses of the period; and (ii) that a great deal still remains to be done by the expert bibliographer (which I am very far from being) on the Folios and the Quartos, before editors can hope for any-

thing approaching textual assurance.¹ Meanwhile we must be content to learn from our own and each other's mistakes. Dr. Flatter and Professor Muir have taught me, at least, one thing: I shall in future be very careful before I look beyond the compositor for an explanation of the abnormalities in F lineation. For example, having convinced myself on other grounds that *Macbeth* is a revised text, and having noted that the F mislineation grows noticeably less as the play goes forward,² I suggested a possible connexion between the two. Now, however, a simpler explanation offers itself: that Jaggard may have turned over the later 'formes' of the text to a compositor or compositors with more skill or more conscience.

J. DOVER WILSON

The Plays of Nathan Field. Edited from the Original Quartos with Introductions and Notes by WILLIAM PEERY. Pp. xiv+346. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1950. \$3.75.

This is a useful piece of work carried out with care and competence. *A Woman is a Weather-cocke* (printed 1612) and *Amends for Ladies* (printed 1618), Field's only two independent plays, are good entertainment for the reader; a sound text of them has long been needed by scholars investigating the Beaumont and Fletcher *corpus*; and there is in them a mass of raw material for social and literary historians. Dr. Peery is aware of his mixed audience, and sees to its needs. In a general introduction of fifty pages he summarizes the biographical and critical material; each play has a critical and bibliographical introduction; and the work concludes with sixty pages of explanatory notes and twenty of textual ones, a bibliography, and a good index. The reader has a clean unencumbered text, the student has notes available if he wants them, and the textual critic can keep abreast of the evidence if he has enough fingers to hold the book open in three places at once. Students of metrical statistics and acting times will have to re-count the lines of every scene, for Dr. Peery includes turn-overs and stage-directions in his numeration.

Despite the weight of Chapman's verse address 'To his Loued Sonne, Nat. Field', most of what we hear of Field's bumptious personality is not wholly endearing. The concluding words of his address 'To the Reader' of *A Woman is a Weather-cocke* (ll. 17-21) are:

Fare thee well, if thou hast any thing to say to me, thou know'st where to heare of me for a yearre or two, and no more I assure thee

N. F.

Before Dr. Brinkley had finally unscrambled the actor-playwright Nathan from his brother Nathaniel these words were read as a farewell to the theatre. Since

¹ Apart from Greg's work and McKerrow's, I have in mind books like E. E. Willoughby's *Printing of the First Folio* and Black and Shaaber's *Shakespeare's Seventeenth Century Editors*, or articles like Miss Alice Walker's in *R.E.S.* for last July (N.S., ii. 217).

² Muir brushes this aside, a little roughly I thought. Yet the fact is indisputable, as he might have proved for himself. He was probably led astray by my remark that mislineation is 'most evident' in the second scene, as it certainly is when taken in conjunction with the broken lines. But he misinterprets 'most evident' as 'most frequent', which it would be absurd to predicate of anything in a scene only seventy lines long.

we now know that Field's connexion with the theatre was terminated seven years later by his death, this explanation no longer imposes itself, and Dr. Peery (p. 242) is inclined to seek an interpretation in the shifting of companies and theatrical leases; but surely the old interpretation still makes the best sense of the context. Field has just said (ll. 14-17):

I haue beeene vexed with vile playes my selfe, a great while, hearing many, nowe I thought to be euen with some, and they shoulde heare mine too.

This reads more like a proclamation that the stage is a dog's life and Field knows himself to be too good for it than a mere notice of change of address.

On that point I think that Dr. Peery has been too ready to break with tradition, but on others I find his independent approach wholly admirable, particularly in his insistence on Chapman rather than Jonson as Field's literary begetter (pp. 27-32). It would have been welcome if he could have found space to elaborate his brief endorsement (p. 32) of Dr. Brinkley's comparison of Field's and Chapman's attitude toward woman. An analysis might help those who try to identify Field's part in planning the plays in which he collaborated. Beaumelle in *The Fatal Dowry* is quite unlike any woman in Massinger's independent plays, but she is not unlike Chapman's Tamyla in *Bussy d'Ambois*, and the apparent inconsistency of Field's Bellafront, which irks Dr. Peery (note on *A Woman is a Weather-cocke*, III. ii. 135 ff.), can be partly resolved by appreciating Chapman's and Field's view of woman, and their view of woman's view of herself, as a conscious but helpless plaything of the world and of powers beyond it. All three heroines behave very badly, know that they are behaving badly, and feel sorry for themselves in consequence.

Doubtless it was the need to economize space that kept Dr. Peery from elaborating his argument here (though we may hope that he will do so later), and he has saved more space by examining a number of special topics in prolegomena. The list of his own published writings occupies a page of his bibliography, a full third of the list of 'principal works about Field'. Such economy is necessary, and it usually does no great harm, but I regret that all of Field's many proverbs are referred by serial number to an earlier article. A reader like myself who has not been able to see it is at a disadvantage in attempting to benefit by Dr. Peery's explanatory notes. He might at least have summarized the article.

Most of his other preliminary studies he does summarize, if sometimes over-compactly. In one case he seems to preserve the fossil of a doubt which existed before he had made up his mind. On p. 154, note 66,¹ he observes of *Amends for Ladies*, sig. G (i), that 'The presence of only one variant in the final state of this form² leaves one unable to prove that it was corrected a third time', but two pages later, on p. 156, he has recognized that a difference is a difference even if it is only a little one, and rightly records four states of the text in sig. G (i). One has to refer to *The Library*, 5th series, ii. 57, to discover what had bothered him.

¹ The notes are numbered consecutively by sections; there are not 66 notes on one page.

² Sic. There may be no philological justification for the spelling 'forme', but it is harmless and convenient.

For the most part the bibliographical and textual work appears to be impeccably accurate and generally judicious. I have checked some twenty pages of the text with photostats and have not found any unrecorded departures from the copy-text. Tastes must differ about the amount of deliberate and recorded editing wanted. Dr. Peery is strongly conservative about the dialogue and punctuation of the plays, and in this he is surely right; but he freely standardizes such paraphernalia as scene-headings and speech-prefixes, and here he may not carry all his readers with him. Nothing is gained by altering '*Actus primi, Scæna prima*', &c. in *Amends for Ladies* to '*Actus primus*', &c., because the printer of *A Woman is a Weather-cock* had favoured that form. Again, the three leading ladies of *Amends for Ladies* are introduced by name as Honor, Perfect, and Bright, and these names—or two of them—are used in the dialogue, though the quarto usually replaces them in directions and prefixes by the labels Maid, Wife, and Widow. Here the convenience of the reader does call for reduction to a standard form, but I wish that Dr. Peery had followed Verity's Mermaid edition in using the names instead of replacing them throughout by the descriptions. The 'morality' labels make the play look more old-fashioned than it need.

In his commentary the editor is judicious in deciding what to annotate and what not, and where necessary in admitting himself baffled, but occasionally an obscurity is discussed only in the textual notes with no cross-reference in the explanatory notes, as in *A Woman is a Weather-cock*, III. iii. 37–40, where the reader most likely to want help over a (not very difficult) point is least likely to find it.

The holes I can pick are few and small, and the virtues of sound, useful work everyone will appreciate. The feature of this edition that strikes me most strongly is its all-round thoroughness.

A. K. McILWRAITH

A Bibliography of Francis Kirkman, with his Prefaces, Dedications, and Commendations (1652–80). By STRICKLAND GIBSON (Oxford Bibliographical Society, N.S., I. ii, 1947). Pp. 47+152. Oxford: University Press, for the Society, 1949. No price given.

Mr. Gibson began his work on Kirkman in 1937, when he suggested to his bibliography class that he and his students should 'undertake detailed descriptions of books published by Kirkman, and review the conditions of the book trade at the Restoration'. Francis Kirkman was a typical figure of his time. He was a playwright, editor, compiler of lists of plays, and general producer and publisher of minor literature. He is chiefly remembered for *The English Rogue*, which appeared in parts between 1665 and 1680. Richard Head collaborated with him, and the book is in effect the production of two men. Part of the title, 'The most eminent cheats of both sexes', gives a clue to its general character; the most interesting 'cheats' are those occurring in the book trade, but the difficulty with these portions is to distinguish truth from fiction. Kirkman was also the publisher of the reissue of Sir Aston Cokayne's *Poems* in 1662.

Some of Kirkman's books are very rare, and it is well that a record of them should be available. The planning and introduction of the present bibliography

are above criticism; nor is there need to praise the way in which the descriptions have been compiled, for Mr. Gibson's methods are well known to all who concern themselves with such matters. Much is gained in the reviewer's opinion by his refusal to cut or condense bibliographical descriptions. The prefaces, dedications, &c., which Mr. Gibson prints are a most useful addition. They are, indeed, of more interest than the texts which they introduce; this often happens with books by miscellaneous writers of all periods, but particularly with those of the seventeenth century, since we know far less about authors and their ways in that century than in the eighteenth. The value of the bibliography is further enhanced by a short chapter by Professor Fredson Bowers on *The Wits*.

Those who frequent the Bodleian Library have long known Mr. Gibson as one of the most able bibliographers of our time. Generations of students, and a large number of scholars engaged in serious research, remember with gratitude his skilful and kindly help, ungrudgingly given, in many difficult problems. He has, too, a fine sense of proportion which prevents him from dwelling upon the trivial details that too easily encumber bibliography. The quality of the present volume is, therefore, what one would expect; it will be valued by those who are interested in book production in the seventeenth century, and the Oxford Bibliographical Society must be congratulated on producing so admirable a work.

HUGH MACDONALD

The Collected Poems of Christopher Smart. Edited by NORMAN CALLAN. Vol. i, pp. lvi+382; vol. ii, pp. vi+638. London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1949. 25s. net.

Poems by Christopher Smart. Edited by ROBERT BRITTAINE. Pp. xiv+326. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1950; London: Geoffrey Cumberlege. \$4.00; 25s. net.

The poems of Smart make a welcome addition to the new 'Muses' Library'; for Smart, despite his merits as a poet and his interest as a personality, has been too long left to languish in the collections of Anderson and Chalmers. It is regrettable that Mr. Callan has not made better use of his opportunities. He gives almost all Smart's English verse, except the translations, in a convenient and attractive form, with an adequate biographical and critical introduction; but his two volumes are not a satisfactory contribution to a series which claims to provide 'authoritative editions of the works of the poets'.

Mr. Callan uses early editions as copy-text; but he warns his readers that he has departed occasionally from the policy of working from the most reliable editions published in Smart's lifetime, where other editions give preferable readings; and he provides neither an explanation of the principles underlying this dubious general policy, nor a critical apparatus to the text. In spelling and pointing, his text has a general eighteenth-century appearance; but it is often rather what Mr. Callan would like Smart to have written than what Smart apparently wrote. He strives not to print his selected copy-text with conservative adjustments where they are necessary, but 'to present a text as Smart would have seen it' (p. xv). There is much to be said for a conservative text which retains

the idiosyncrasies of the original spelling and punctuation; there is something to be said, in a popular series, for a thoroughly modernized text; but Mr. Callan has fitfully exercised his own judgement, and produced a text which is neither a reprint nor a modernization, but a chaos of inconsistencies.

He is clearly aware of the rhetorical and rhythmical value of Smart's pointing (p. 1005); but he does not always labour to preserve it. Commas are inserted where the sense does not require them, and where they often break the rhythm of the line; and the relative values of semicolon, colon, and full stop are not recognized. In some poems, Smart's capitalization (by no means eccentric) is preserved intact; in others, it is for no apparent reason reduced (with the heavy capitalization of pp. 43-5, contrast pp. 45-7, where a number of initial capitals are replaced by lower-case letters). Mr. Callan does not always follow Smart's logical paragraph-division (e.g. at p. 48, l. 13; p. 143, l. 23). His treatment of Smart's spelling is inconsistent. Generally he retains the original spellings; but he gives 'crowded' for 'crouded' (p. 46), 'shunn'd' for 'shun'd' (p. 124), 'lightning' for 'light'ning' (p. 120), 'to day' for 'To-day' (p. 123), 'cheerfully' for 'chearfully' (p. 200), and 'though' for 'tho'' (p. 202). Mr. Callan's errors in transcription are often serious. Where Smart's *Gratitude*, 'God's delightful voice', sings 'I'm the Phoenix of the singers', Mr. Callan nonsensically has 'I'm the Phoenix of the fingers' (p. 984). The present indicative 'Breaks' is oddly spelt 'Break's' (p. 47). Smart's attractive spelling 'acron' is altered to 'acorn' (p. 123), although the *O.E.D.* gives examples of 'acron'; it was a common seventeenth-century spelling—recurrent in Sir Thomas Browne—and probably had for Smart a slightly archaic flavour suitable for pastoral poetry.

Mr. Callan's edition lacks the consistency, the precise and considerate handling of textual detail, and the disciplined care which are essential to scholarly work, whether that work is the preparation of a popular edition or not. In providing a readable collection of attractive minor poetry, he meets a need; but he meets it in a rather cavalier and irresponsible way.

Mr. Brittain's book is a selection of Smart's verse, with a long biographical and critical introduction, and a general commentary. Like Mr. Callan, he bases his text on early editions. It is sometimes difficult to understand his selection of copy-text; an editor who claims to have some respect for the spelling and pointing of the early editions must explain his selection of copy-text, if he is to avoid the charge of arbitrarily choosing the version he happens to like best. In his treatment of the text, Mr. Brittain is a little more accurate than Mr. Callan; but there are flaws. For example, he claims to use the *Poems* of 1752 for his text of 'Apollo and Daphne' (p. 79), declaring that the versions in the *Poems* and in *The Midwife* (1750) are 'the same'; but his text bears no resemblance in capitalization and pointing to the 1752 version, and has apparently been set up from *The Midwife*. He retains the dashes which Smart used freely as punctuation marks; but in one place he prints the subsidiary pointing with which Smart modified his dashes ('shroud;--', 'pole!--', 'glass,--', p. 84), and in another leaves them out (p. 78).

For his selection from the 'Hymns for the Amusement of Children', Mr. Brittain has used the Philadelphia edition of 1791; but the London edition of

1775 (of which there is an apparently unique copy in the Bodleian Library) is a more reliable and attractive text, and has been available since 1947 in the Luttrell Society reprints (No. 5).

Mr. Brittain's selection is comprehensive. He provides as much as the general reader wants of Smart—occasional verses, epistles, the translations of the Psalms, and of Horace, and the religious poems; and a series of passages from 'Jubilate Agno'. Smart's evangelical interpretation of the Psalms is of some interest, and Mr. Brittain deals fully with it in a long note (pp. 276–85); but, with that thorough note, he might well have reduced the number of his selections from the Psalms in favour of the 'Hymns and Spiritual Songs' and the translation of Horace, which are both, in view of their poetic merits, too shortly represented.

Mr. Brittain's biographical sketch is packed with information; and his critical analysis of Smart's poetry, both in the introduction and in the commentary, is stimulating. He is excessive in his enthusiasm for what is no more than minor poetry, however; and his commentary is weakened by a fatal tendency to over-emphasize and elaborate. His book is, nevertheless, a useful introduction to the work of a little-read and much misunderstood poet.

JAMES KINSLEY

Tour on the Continent, 1765, by Thomas Pennant, Esqr. Edited with notes by G. R. DE BEER. Pp. xii+178. London: Printed for the Ray Society, sold by Bernard Quaritch, Ltd., 1948. No price given.

In 1793 appeared *The Literary Life of the Late Thomas Pennant, Esq. by Himself*. Pennant was, in fact, alive with about five more years to run, and in his preface he explains that 'the title page announces the termination of my authorial existence which took place on 1 March 1791. Since that period, I have glided through the globe a harmless sprite.' This harmless sprite was a conspicuous example of a characteristic type of his age, a busy country gentleman with the leisure, the means, and the energy to collect and publish numerous works of topography and natural history. As he surveyed the achievements of his late authorial self he was not wanting in proper satisfaction. He claimed that his *Tour of Scotland* (1771) had begun the vogue of visiting that country, and at least he had Johnson on his side, who rated him 'the best traveller I ever read'. Since Pennant seems to have thought almost nothing that he ever wrote was unworthy of print, it may seem strange that the present journal has had to wait till now for publication. Why it was passed over we do not know. The manuscript was found by Dr. F. R. Lewis in the National Library of Wales. As he was unable to carry out his intention of editing it he entrusted the work to Mr. de Beer, who, as a scientist and an authority on the history of continental travel, has produced the model edition one would expect of him. His introduction and notes are exactly what the reader requires and he has established the text in scholarly fashion. That was a task which called for care and tact. The existing manuscript perhaps indicates that Pennant had been preparing at some time for publication. It is not in his own hand, confessedly a bad one, but in that of the parish clerk's son.

This Thomas Jones wrote clearly enough, but was unable always to elucidate foreign words and proper names from the difficult archetype. The editor has solved the posers well, always remembering to make allowance for archaic spellings of place-names current in Pennant's time.

For the literary reader the high light of the Tour is probably a couple of vivid pages describing a visit to 'that wicked wit Voltaire'. Here Pennant comes alive with a biographical skill anticipatory of Boswell. The book in general has a pedestrian charm of its own and justifies Johnson's opinion of its author. Pennant aimed at no literary flights. He set down his exact and varied observations in good unaffected prose, which has a remarkable power of calling up one scene after another as the traveller passes through France, Switzerland, Germany, and the Lowlands. He set out on 19 February and landed at Dover on 18 August. He went often on horseback. Today in a motor-car one could cover the same itinerary in a few weeks and reckon it comfortable going. But one would not bring back that carefully assimilated record of the scenery, the flora, the fauna, and of the cities and ways of men. Nor would one have stopped off with such men as Buffon or Haller. The leisurely reading of a leisurely book of this kind is essential for a proper comprehension of the solidity of eighteenth-century culture.

D. M. Low

The Excursion. A Study. By JUDSON STANLEY LYON. Pp. xiv+154 (Yale Studies in English, vol. 114). New Haven: Yale University Press; London: Geoffrey Cumberlege, 1950. \$3.75; 24s. net.

The appearance of a book on *The Excursion* in Wordsworth's centenary year is timely. In his lifetime Wordsworth had the satisfaction of seeing the poem steadily make its way with the public (seven editions appeared before his death), and of knowing that it had pleased such critics as Lamb and Keats, and had brought comfort and moral support to countless readers. In the latter half of the nineteenth century it fell out of favour, and today it has, alas! little live interest for the general reading public. Mr. Lyon, a serious and careful scholar, has done his best to rescue it from what he calls 'near oblivion'.

His chapter on the history of its composition is carefully compiled. Much of the detail is necessarily conjectural, and some of it needs to be checked by the manuscripts at Dove Cottage. I think Mr. Lyon makes a mistake in insisting (pp. 16-19) upon a hypothetical poem called 'The Pedlar' of which no manuscript survives, which may have been 280 lines long, or much longer, and may have been finally embodied in Book II of *The Excursion*, or may possibly have been worked into Books VIII and IX. For any scholar who attempts to trace the history of the composition of *The Excursion* or *The Prelude* many pitfalls lie in wait: the first and worst is the ambiguity about titles. 'The Recluse' was a covering title used by Wordsworth and his friends for the whole unassembled mass of the great philosophical poem projected in 1798. Coleridge continued to apply the title 'Recluse' to what we know as *The Prelude*. (Mr. Lyon takes Sir W. Hamilton's reference to 'The Recluse' in 1832 to mean the great poem, whereas *The Prelude* is clearly intended.) The title *The Excursion* is never used

in the family letters till after the poem was published. 'The Pedlar' was, I believe, simply the alternative title used from 1800 to 1804 for *The Ruined Cottage*, but the argument for this depends on a close survey of all the manuscripts and could not be adequately stated in a short review. In two places Mr. Lyon has exposed omission or ambiguity in the Oxford edition, which I gladly acknowledge. He points (p. 147) to one relevant entry in Dorothy's Journal which we left out: 8 July 1802. 'William was looking at The Pedlar when I got up. He arranged it, and after tea I wrote it out—280 lines.' Mr. Lyon notes that this certainly seems to refer to a poem separate from 'The Ruined Cottage'—(I think not), and that 'the 280 lines seems to be clearly a description of the length of the whole poem', though he admits the possibility that it was only a part that Dorothy copied. Now Coleridge calls 'The Pedlar' 'a long blank verse poem', perhaps to be published with 'Christabel', and the sum of the references to its composition suggests a greater length than 280 lines. I acknowledge also my failure to note an ambiguity in Dorothy's reference in her Journal under 27 December 1801: 'Mary wrote some lines of the third part of Wm's poem.' This might mean either the third book of *The Prelude*, or the third part of *The Ruined Cottage*—'The Pedlar' as it was by that time called.

Mr. Lyon satisfactorily establishes the date of the publication of *The Excursion* as 10 August 1814.

His lengthy Chapter III on the sources and analogues of the poem gives solid information which I have found erroneous only in one place (see p. 60): Landor's attack on Wordsworth for plagiarism in the famous lines about the sea-shell was in fact launched in his 'Satire on Satirists' in 1836, not in *Blackwood's Magazine* of April 1843, where Quillinan's 'Imaginary Conversation' appeared.

Chapter IV on 'The Content of the Excursion' is Mr. Lyon's most useful contribution. He thoroughly explores the main lines of Wordsworth's thought, and shows simply, if not subtly, the trend of his teaching.

Chapter V on 'The Style' is disappointing. A whole new vocabulary seems to have sprung up for the convenience of literary critics. I notice in these pages 'stylistic objectives', 'climactic speech', 'choice of modifiers'. Wordsworth's 'choice of modifiers', stigmatized here for its 'tone of verbose formality', includes *goat's depending beard* (surely natural and inoffensive), *indefatigable fox* (excellent in its context), as well as *conglobated bubbles* (certainly a shade too scientific). I am aware of a growing vice to which we are all incident—the card-catalogue habit; or perhaps better call it, for the lazier members like myself, the concordance habit. Does it throw light on Wordsworth's mind or art to expose the fact that in *The Excursion* the word Hell appears only once, or that among adjectives black and yellow are used less often than elsewhere? Surely the critic's recording memory is a better guide to significant features than the apparatus of lists and counts.

In the rest of the book good sense and reliable judgement prevail.

HELEN DARBISHIRE

The Letters of Thomas Carlyle to William Graham. Edited by JOHN GRAHAM, Jun. Pp. xx+86. Princeton: Princeton University Press; London: Geoffrey Cumberlege, 1950. \$2.50. 16s. net.

Every amateur of Victorian literature cannot help knowing something about Carlyle's extraction and early history; for instance, his transition from the artisan class to the 'black-coated' worker, his difficulties and hesitations in choosing a career, his early need of earning money and how he finally drifted towards 'the resource of all Adam's posterity that are otherwise foiled—the Pen'.

But although we are not unaware of the laborious and uncertain steps by which he climbed publicity's hill, reaching the top with *The French Revolution* under his arm, there is still not a little to learn about the structure of his mind, his spiritual resources, the ebb and flow of temperament—in fact, his humanity—in those years of apprenticeship before his genius had become a self-conscious sheaf of instincts.

That is why these letters to Graham are a most welcome contribution to the subject. In the first place, they are contemporary, covering the outset of his career. Secondly, they are inspired by a curious and unexpected spirit of fellowship. Thirdly, they are genuinely private, unlike reminiscences and autobiographies, the projection of one's temperament into the imagined presence of a personal friend. Carlyle is looking at himself in his own chosen mirror.

Who was this Graham? He was a farmer's son, born in the same neighbourhood, who also rose to the professional class, and before he was thirty years old emigrated to the States and in that 'land of promise' helped to create a prosperous business; then returned to Glasgow, met with some ruinous losses, and gradually harked back to the scenes of his boyhood, his roots still in the soil, and engaged in the traffic of sheep-farming. When these two men met, Carlyle was only twenty-five and Graham was fifty. You would say that they had nothing in common except that one could not yet taste of life and the other had tasted more than enough. So both needed the resources beyond the Present. As Carlyle puts it in one letter

. . . The mould of Dumfriesshire, nay these very limbs we have made from it, are not ours, we have but a *Life rent of them*; all that was true Property, in our possession there, the love of soul to soul and the good soul does to soul, remains to us forever. . . .

So what Graham must have valued most in this raw humoursome youth was his naive sincerity and, despite his erudition, the nostalgia for the simple life. What Carlyle valued in this disappointed but not disillusioned veteran was 'your warm honest love for all that deserves any love'.

We, of course, are concerned with Carlyle, not with his correspondent, none of whose letters are included, and it is well worth noting that there was a secondary, more personal attraction in this intercourse. Carlyle found therein something which every would-be author values as much as the breath of life, namely, *an audience*; in other words, an opportunity for self-expression. Graham was still battling to restore his fortunes, and his young friend might well offer encouragement and admiration. But it is almost amusing to meet the admonishments and counsels

addressed to a man old enough to be his father, till we remember that Carlyle was ever to be a moral preacher and one who lived by hero-worship. As his own dreams were full of great men, he exhorts him to read history in order to visualize manhood in perspective.

A struggling author, so much at war with himself, would not only lean on a steadfast character who knew his place in life, but was bound now and then to unburden his own soul. Yet it is surprising that an idealist absorbed in romantic philosophy and vigorous enough to outlive his contemporaries should complain so persistently about his ill health. We can understand that in anticipation of the 'Everlasting No' he should write of the 'cares within us that require all the sources of our philosophy, and nothing coming from without but the various shapes of pain which five diseased senses convey to us'. But why so much about 'the foul fiend of indigestion'? Take this notable exclamation: 'At present my ideas are like a flock of geese which a man was driving orderly . . . when lo! Dyspepsia the ugly ragged trull comes halloing into the midst of them.' Apparently this self-appointed brain-worker, whose forebears lived in the open air, was physically disqualified for the indoor tortures of unsuccessful authorship, and his reactions became a lifelong obsession.

The two preceding quotations make clear that this correspondence was also a whetstone for Carlyle the stylist at his colloquial best. There are many other examples, especially his sarcastic and derisory description of the Buller family with their 'ceaseless round of insipid formalities' and their 'strenuous inanities' (incidentally an excellent if unconscious translation of Horace's *strenua inertia*). In another letter he describes lecturing as 'that detestable mixture of prophecy and play-acting'.

He mentions some literary projects which are worth considering. He thought of a sentimental novel inspired by his courtship of Jane Welsh and his first love affair with Margaret Gordon, who was presumably the 'Blumine' of *Sartor Resartus*, and one remembers the narrative power of *The Diamond Necklace*. At one time a tragedy presented itself as a possible opening into the field of literature. His last surviving letter was written in November 1849, but the correspondence begins to lose interest with the publication of *The French Revolution*, which he characterized in September 1835 as 'simply the ugliest task ever hitherto set me to do in the world'.

Altogether we have much for which to thank the editor, Mr. John Graham, Jun., from Falls Church, Virginia. His 'Preface' is an admirably succinct and unpretentious introduction, telling us all we need to know. Moreover, he accompanies the suite of letters with occasional short paragraphs, a running commentary on the epistolary allusions which need explaining. We have also to thank him for eleven neat pen-and-ink sketches of Ecclefechan and its neighbourhood which make us feel at home in a country we have never seen.

What a pity that none of Graham Senior's letters are extant.

H. V. ROUTH

The Classical Tradition: Greek and Roman Influences on Western Literature. By GILBERT HIGHET. Pp. xxxviii+763. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1949. 42s. net.

At the present time many new books are published which are of far less value than books on the same subject which are unobtainable; but no book like Mr. Highet's has been written before and it is very welcome. Mr. Highet has an extensive knowledge of the many works which have been written on separate parts of his subject and he has put his book together with admirable control of his material. Twenty-four lucid chapters, telling the story from the Dark Ages to the present day, are followed by 150 pages of valuable notes and references. That his book is not complete Mr. Highet is well aware. There is, for example, no discussion of the influence of the Greek and Latin epigram and, though there is something about Mr. Ezra Pound, there is nothing about Robert Bridges. It is curious that the book is not written all on the same level. Most of it presupposes some intelligence, but on p. 3 we read 'we are so accustomed to contemplating the spectacle of human progress that we assume modern culture to be better than anything that preceded it'; on p. 96 we are told that *maximus* means 'greatest'; on p. 106 we are told that 'it comes as a shock to many to realize that the Bible was written in Hebrew and Greek', though we are disappointed not to hear in what language they suppose it to have been written; on p. 547 we are told in italics that 'civilization is the life of the mind'; and the last words on the last page of the text tell us that 'the real duty of man is . . . to enrich and enjoy his only imperishable possession: his soul'.

Most of what Mr. Highet says is sound and said well. His lapses and blunders are the more surprising. For example, p. 160: it is fatuous to say that only a practising teacher of Latin can understand Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 151-3; p. 248: Mr. Highet speaks of Horace as 'the plump grey-haired Roman with the bright eyes', but how does he know that Horace had bright eyes?; p. 327: after saying that 'we would rather read a biography of Gibbon than his history' and after saying on p. 344 that the last five volumes of the history, of which two were published together in 1781 and the other three together in 1788, 'appeared at intervals, the last in 1788', Mr. Highet makes the absurd remark on p. 347 that 'no one can read Gibbon's style'; p. 419: it is known that when Shelley was drowned a copy of Sophocles and a copy of Keats's 1820 volume were in his coat pocket. What evidence has Mr. Highet for his statement that Shelley 'was reading Sophocles'?; p. 437: it is ludicrous to say that 'the nineteenth century was a great time for money-making, but for thinkers, poets and artists, for men who loved nature and humanity, it was hell'; p. 609: it is not much good discussing Latinisms in Milton, who is not justly appreciated by Mr. Highet, without proper consideration of contemporary English usage: cf. E. M. W. Tillyard, *Proceedings of the Classical Association*, xxxv (1938), pp. 30 f.; p. 621: Mr. Highet says that Shakespeare in Sonnet LX alters the separate waves of a river in Ovid, *Metamorphoses* xv. 181 to the waves of the sea on the shore 'because British rivers seldom have waves'. Does Mr. Highet think that Italian rivers more often have waves than British rivers?; p. 637: Mr. Highet astonishingly says that it was first

noticed in 1923 that the beginning of Keats's 'Ode to a Nightingale' recalls the beginning of Horace's fourteenth Epode. The resemblance must have been noticed by thousands of readers before then and had been duly recorded by Shorey and Laing; p. 672: it is well known that the sabres of the National Guard in 1789 bore the inscription of Lucan IV. 579. This is said by Mr. Highet to be quoted by F. Beck in 1907 in a review of an edition of Lucan of 1905. If any reference was to be given at all, it would have been more reasonable to refer to the first paragraph of the preface of Lemaire's edition of 1830; p. 697: why is the adjective 'daedal' said to be familiar to readers of Shelley as if it were not familiar to readers of other writers? Among matters on which many will not agree with Mr. Highet is that 'gay' is a good word to use of the poems of Catullus on Lesbia's bird (p. 229), that the Loeb series of the classics is 'correct' (p. 470), and that Petrarch's *Africa* is better than the *Punica* of Silius Italicus (p. 588).

Mr. Highet's style has some mannerisms. He likes to double words and say 'many, many', 'nothing, nothing', 'to hurry, hurry', 'deep, deep', 'very, very', and 'gradually, gradually'. He likes to say 'anecdotard' for 'anecdotist', 'culminatory' for 'culminating', 'pretentiousity' for 'pretentiousness', and even 'aristos' for 'aristocrats'. On p. 87 he speaks of 'rebuking someone with something' instead of 'rebuking someone for something', but that may be unintentional. It may be doubted whether it is helpful to use the term 'baroque' of literature.

It is a pity that so many mistakes were not corrected before the book was published. Here are some taken at random. P. 120: Thomas Watson translated the *Antigone* of Sophocles not into English but into Latin; p. 125: William Adlington is miscalled Thomas Adlington; p. 184: Lucian is said to belong to 'the later Roman empire' and on p. 304 he is again placed 'late in the Roman empire'; p. 204: the name Titania does not occur only in Ovid; p. 210: Plutarch is not a historian but a biographer; p. 220: Burns is misquoted with 'sweetly blown' for 'newly sprung'; p. 341: the title of Richardson's novel is not *Clarissa Harlowe* but *Clarissa*; p. 433: line 1225 of the *Oedipus Coloneus* of Sophocles does not close the play which continues for more than another 500 lines; p. 576: T. Hodgkin is miscalled G. S. Hodgkin; p. 611: the strange idea that Milton's stylistic device of the adjective-noun-adjective phrase is neither Latin nor Greek but Italian, can be seen to be false without looking further than Euripides, *Phoenissae* 234; p. 638: the Delphin series is a series of Latin writers and does not contain, as Mr. Highet says it does, the greatest Greek and Latin classics, and it is very strange that Mr. Highet goes on to say that 'there are still scholars alive who are grateful to it for helping them through the tougher books of Lucan or Persius' because Lucan was not included in the series; p. 639: Casaubon died not at Oxford but in London; p. 650: there are not fifty-two volumes published in the series called 'Our Debt to Greece and Rome'; p. 683: 'Ovid, *Tristia ex Ponto*' is a telescoping of Ovid's separate works entitled *Tristia* and *Epistulae ex Ponto*; p. 750: Francis Poulenç is miscalled François Poulenç; p. 762: Dr. R. Vaughan Williams is wrongly given the title of Knight.

For some of the dates given by Mr. Highet—for example, 380 B.C. as the date of the death of Aristophanes and A.D. 410 as the date of the death of Prudentius—there is no evidence. A number of other dates of which the following

are a few examples are false. P. 164: Achilles Tatius was translated into Italian not in 1560 but in 1550; p. 170: Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's *Paul et Virginie* was published not in 1789 but in 1787; p. 282: St. Évremond was born not in 1610 but in 1613; p. 303: Persius died not in 61 but in 62; p. 454: Renan died not in 1902 but in 1892; p. 471: *L'Antiquité classique* was not founded before 1914; p. 627 and p. 695: Professor G. Norwood's book on Pindar was published not in 1946 but in 1945; p. 684: Professor G. L. Bickersteth's selections from Carducci were published not at Oxford in 1923 but in London in 1913; p. 692: F. W. Newman died not in 1899 but in 1897.

Mr. Highet's book should be used with caution until it is revised, but it is a fine, live book for which he deserves great gratitude, and it should be read by everyone who cares, or thinks he cares, for literature and by everyone who is concerned with educational policy. When a reader has reached the end of the book, perhaps he will carry in his memory the portent of the American authoress of a book on Chaucer published in 1946 who takes the name of the Italian town of Praeneste in Horace, *Epistles I. ii. 2* to be another name for Homer, and perhaps he will be shocked as he reflects on the large number of British schools whose pupils are denied an opportunity of learning Greek.

G. B. A. FLETCHER

English Poetry: A Critical Introduction. By F. W. BATESON. Pp. x+272. London: Longmans, Green, 1950. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Bateson has written a courageous book. He speaks his mind, and he ranges widely both in time and in subject-matter. In 270 pages we have a definition of poetry, a new scheme of 'schools' of English poetry, with their correlates in social history, a set of detailed analyses as 'applications of the definition', and some remarks on the academic study of literature. What he says on each of these would provide material for a separate review.

The book begins abruptly with an attack on modern anthologists (since the *Oxford Book of English Verse*) for their failure to provide explanatory notes. This, it is suggested, reflects the view that poetry does not need to be understood, and the bulk of the chapter is devoted to a defence of 'the primacy of meaning', conducted with point and cogency. While the anthologists may be fair game, Mr. Bateson's attempt to see a sinister decline in the output of adequately annotated editions of the major poets is rather forced. Part of the explanation may be that the production of such editions is taken less light-heartedly than in the last century. Mr. Bateson's own list of major writers completely ignored is not too alarming, even with his unwarranted inclusion of Gray—the edition by Tovey is unpretentious in appearance, but is as full as anyone could want.

The rest of the theoretical section is sensible, but suffers from the customary neglect of Collingwood, who would have saved Mr. Bateson from some confusions, as in the treatment of abstraction on p. 54: cf. *Principles of Art*, p. 204, on 'attention' which 'divides, but does not abstract'.

The new apparatus of 'schools' is not very helpful in organizing the material; still less, the discrimination of five 'generations' within a typical 'school'.

Mr. Bateson admits that the scheme cannot be rigorously applied, but as it is he has to do some Procrustean surgery, and is not always consistent with himself. The second, third, and fourth generations of a 'school' are respectively the Protagonists of a New Style, the Assured Masters (or Classics), and the Polished Craftsmen. Pope is a Polished Craftsman on p. 110 and an Assured Master on p. 245. This may be a legitimate overlap, but absurdity comes in when, in post-Romantic poetry, Eliot has to play Protagonist of a New Style to Auden's Assured Master. 'It is interesting to find that the application of the standard formula to the modern school of poetry suggests that *our* classic year is 1950 or thereabouts.' Well, *look* at the poetry of 1950! The whole treatment of modern poetry is, indeed, distorted by Mr. Bateson's estimate of Auden, whom he is 'inclined to think the greatest English poet since Keats'. He misses the opportunity of relating the disparity between Auden's obvious talents and his achievement to the absence of authoritative and disinterested criticism applied to modern poetry: a point which Dr. Leavis, who is appreciatively referred to in several places, is never tired of making. A little earlier he has arraigned an oddly assorted group of 'the best academic critics of to-day and yesterday' for their (apparently collective) 'failure to realize that several new works of art have arrived in the last twenty or thirty years'. My sympathies are with them, if they have to accept Mr. Bateson's valuation of Auden in order to graduate into a higher critical class. Be it said on the credit side that Mr. Bateson firmly dismisses the writings of the now-again-fashionable Edith Sitwell as 'pseudo-poetry'.

The detailed analyses in Part II are the most valuable part of the book, but would require a fuller discussion to do them justice. The best are those on Gray, the Romantics, and Tennyson, where scrutiny of poetic effects gets the better of sociology. Those on earlier authors (Chaucer to Waller) are rather slight, and the two others are marred by an eccentricity of judgement which tries to make great poets out of Swift and Auden. The account (p. 177) of 'Description of the Morning' is a masterpiece of arbitrary reading of sociological significance into a *jeu d'esprit*. Earlier in the book (p. 81) there is a yet more extraordinary interpretation of the quatrain 'Western wind, when wilt thou blow?', which does not seem to me to make contact at any single point with the plain sense of the poem—a creation of a 'private poem' which outdoes the excesses of the Romantics whom Mr. Bateson denounces.

A number of minor errors call for correction. Donne was born in 1571/2, not in 1576. Foreign languages occasionally suffer. Remy de Gourmont and the Abbé Bremond both appear with the acute accents which English writers are in the habit of giving them, and Volk has (in a German quotation) become *folk*. On p. 220, the interpretation of the final lines of *Ode on a Grecian Urn* according to which 'that is all . . . know' is addressed by the poet to the figures on the Urn (most readily accessible in G. Tillotson's *Essay in Criticism and Research*, p. xv) ought not to be ignored.

A book of this kind was well worth writing, and the reader will return to a number of its analyses with gratitude and profit. It is a pity that its exaggerations and eccentricities are likely to put off many of those who could learn from it.

J. C. MAXWELL

SHORT NOTICES

Playwriting for Elizabethans 1600-1605. By MARY CRAPO HYDE. Pp. xii + 258. New York: Columbia University Press; London: Geoffrey Cumberlege, 1949. \$4.00; 25s. net.

The idea behind this book is an interesting one—the study of a limited span in Elizabethan drama (1600-5) to ascertain what qualities were common to the plays put on during this most important period, which saw the production of some of Shakespeare's and Jonson's best work. Miss Hyde attempts to find the basis of playwriting in the practice of dramatists rather than in dramatic theory, and she draws a distinction between the principles of drama, which are permanent, and the conventions of a particular age.

It cannot be said that the execution of this work is equal to the promise of its conception. Miss Hyde's rapid survey of dramatic theory (Aristotle, Horace, Lope de Vega, and Thomas Heywood) can hardly be regarded as a contribution to knowledge, and in the chapter on 'Themes' she enumerates such topics as 'ambition', 'revenge', 'love-making' as they occur in the drama of the period, concluding that the Elizabethans liked their tragedy to deal with ambition or revenge, their comedies with love-making or gulls, knaves and prodigals. 'The theme may be defined as the basis of any play, the dominant emotion . . .', she observes (p. 23), a definition which it may safely be assumed would not occur to any Elizabethan. Having disposed of this subject, Miss Hyde surveys the characters, segregated as 'Courtesans and Bawds', 'Thieves and Rogues', 'Officers of the Law and Professional Men', 'Supernatural Characters', and the like. She then deals with construction in terms of the beginning, the middle, and the end, and finally with conventions, which include such things as 'Inconsistency of Characterization'.

No generalizations about the period as a whole seem to emerge. The whole book is far too close to the card-index: it resembles a game of patience in which the suits are sorted, and nothing is left over. It is difficult to see for what kind of public it was designed, but the following passage may be taken as typical of the conclusions drawn:

'The convention of giving the last speech to the actor of highest rank (in the case of tragedy the man of highest rank still left alive) is generally employed, though it is also permissible to give the last words to the character who, in the estimation of the author, has proven himself the audience's favorite. Whoever delivers the last speech should include a phrase or two specifically for the function of clearing the stage. This can easily be effected by having the speaker request either that the company march off to celebrate the merry conclusion of events, or that they join in the funeral procession to bury the dead, whichever the case may be' (p. 199).

At the end of this book, the reader is likely to feel a strong preference for the second alternative.

M. C. BRADBROOK

The Sin of Wit: Jonathan Swift as a Poet. By MAURICE JOHNSON. Pp. xvii + 145. New York: Syracuse University Press. 1950. \$2.50.

It is certainly high time that we had a new and more ample study of Swift's poetry, for since Elrington Ball's book, which now hardly fulfils our needs, there has been nothing of much value except for an all too short essay by Mr. Herbert Davis, and Mr. Harold Williams's great edition. This particular work, however, does not altogether fulfil our desires. It is appreciative in the vulgar sense rather than distinguishing. Though here and there we come across some admirable pieces of criticism, especially on the versification, or the charm and the art of the sheer (no, not mere) technique, a technique which itself

implies an attitude, there is little to tell us what the poetry is really about. The bare subject-matter, of course, is obvious enough, but the occasion was but the catalytic agent to precipitate the verse. What, for instance, is the root emotion underlying 'The Legion Club'? Mr. Johnson has some excellent things to say about the power of the work, its fiendish skill resulting in a queer sort of beauty. It is the expression of the culmination of a deep experience—that is why it is, in its way, a great poem—but the range and kind of experience is not discussed.

It was, up to a point, a directive idea to base the book and its divisions on:

Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'twas affirm'd, he sometimes dealt in rhyme;
Humour, and mirth, had place in all he writ:
He reconciled divinity and wit . . .

but it scarcely works out in practice. For it means treating together such items as 'The Day of Judgement', 'The City Shower', then going back to 'The Legion Club'. Reconciling divinity and wit comes down to treating the scatological poems as moral verses, which will not quite do. There is, of course, moral precedent for the kind of thing represented by the 'Beautiful Young Nymph going to Bed': it can be traced back in our own literature through Killigrew's *Parson's Wedding* to Jonson's *Epicæne*. But the impelling motive we feel in each case to be different. And since we are at tracing back, Mr. Johnson might take notice that the 'Description of a Morning' had been anticipated in temper by such as William King of *Furnetary* fame. The truth is that Mr. Johnson does not seem to be quite steeped enough in the period.

It seems ungenerous to carp at the book, which reveals a thorough knowledge of, and a great liking for, Swift's verse, though the divisions involve some gaps. The incitement to carpings is that the book is good enough for admirers of Swift to wish it better. Mr. Johnson is too partisan. It does not help Swift's cause to belittle Pope, as, for example, when Mr. Johnson runs down the critical portions of the *Epistle to Augustus*: and when he says that 'When Alexander Pope described Belinda's dressing-room in *The Rape of the Lock* . . . he lacked Swift's singleness of purpose' when describing Celia's dressing-room, we feel only that this is an odd way of saying that Pope was doing something far more complex than Swift dreamt of attempting in verse. To call Lady Winchilsea 'an elegant and tiresome poet' is to reveal some limitation in the understanding of what Swift himself was doing. But though it is fairly easy to pick holes in this book, and be aware of certain failings in the treatment, this is not to deny that this is a gallant attempt, which deserves recognition, and repays reading. Those so far impervious to the graces of Swift's verse should be heartily invited to peruse it.

BONAMY DOBRÉE

The Eustace Diamonds. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Edited by MICHAEL SADLEIR. Vol. I, pp. xv+361; Vol. II, pp. vii+383 (The Oxford Illustrated Trollope). Oxford: University Press, 1950. 30s. net.

The Eustace Diamonds, which was serialized in the *Fortnightly Review* from July 1871 to February 1873 and published as a book in December 1872, does not fit exactly into any classification of Trollope's novels. It touched on the political world, but it can only be included in the political novels for the sake of convenience and at the expense of accuracy. Trollope made no attempt in it, as he did in the political novels proper, to discuss principles. It contains no such exhaustive analysis of individual character or motives as one finds in *He Knew He Was Right* or in *Mr. Scarborough's Family*. It centres round a set of people who are socially second-rate and morally a good deal worse; but it was not a conscious criticism of contemporary life such as Trollope wrote in *The Way We Live Now*. Perhaps because it pushed no literary foible to extremes, perhaps because it was based on one of those legal tangles involving the probability of a criminal prosecution which the Victorian

reading public delighted in, *The Eustace Diamonds* won a considerable success. It represents Trollope not so much at the peak as on the plateau of his reputation.

In one sense the central character, Lizzie Eustace, is disappointing; a mean woman trusting to the tolerance of the society whose rules she has violated, a 'half-and-half adventuress' as Mr. Sadleir calls her, stupid and cunning at once. Trollope apparently meant to make her more interesting and attractive, but if he had succeeded, if he had depicted a woman capable of tragedy or even of a gay defiance of society, he would have spoilt the form of his novel. As it is, Lizzie Eustace's evasive obstinacy allows time for the other characters to be involved in the repercussions of her original action. What she is not, Lord George Caruthers is—an adventurer living consistently by his own code, self-dependent and likeable. In Frank Greystock Trollope was only too successful in his self-imposed employment of depriving his 'hero' of heroic qualities: Greystock is easily the most caddish of those vacillating young men whom he lets off so lightly in the end. But the triumph of the book is Lord Fawn, weak and selfish and mediocre, unable to solve his own personal or political problems but compelled by the conventions in which he believes and by a certain fundamental decency to attempt his solutions. A more ambitious craftsman than Trollope would probably have disposed of Lizzie Eustace to one of these three men: the fantastic Emilius is one of those irritating red herrings whom Trollope used so freely. Madame Max Goesler, for that matter, is another.

Mr. Hughes-Stanton's plates are important. Occasionally they verge on caricature, but they are successful in depicting the scene which Trollope wrote about as dominated by a leering, predatory grossness. They illustrate, not the world as Trollope saw it, but the indictment of that world for which he accumulated so much evidence but which he declined to draw.

W. L. BURN

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By A. MACDONALD

ELH

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